THE COSHOCTON AGE.

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THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IS ABSOLUTE IN EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN.—Garfield.

VOLUME 59. COSHOCTON, OHIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1883. NUMBER 52

Business notices on this page are charged for at ten cents per line each insertion. Black type fifteen cents brevier measurement. Display advertisements: Time Contracts—25 cents per inch. Transient advertisements—50 cents per inch.

Notice to Business Men.

Within the next week ALL advertising accounts will be presented for payment, and we earnestly request that prompt settlement be made. Obligations to be met early in the new year require this.

MR. ORLANDO BUCKLEW, of Clark township, is traveling in Virginia selling goods for an Eastern house.

MRS. DR. O. C. FARQUHAR, of Zanesville, O, is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. H. Lynde, on Main street.

THE wife of Mr. John Randles, of Jackson township, died Wednesday, of heart disease. Her death was unexpected.

CHRISTMAS festivities in Coshocton were tame, and beyond the enjoyment of good dinners, of which we trust all partook, there was but little to attract attention.

CHRISTMAS day the ten or twelve year old son of Mr. Dan Hogan fell into the entrance to the basement of the Forbes Block and broke the left arm near the shoulder.

ELDER GEORGE MUSSEN, of Mt. Vernon, has just concluded a three weeks meeting with the Disciples of Christ at Walhonding, with nine additions as the result.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL concert will be given in the Baptist church next Sunday at 7 o'clock P. M. Friends of Sunday school work invited. Sunday school at 9.30 A. M.

JAMES ROSS is home from Pittsburgh, where he has been attending College for the past three months, to spend his holiday vacation with his parents on Walnut street.

LAST Saturday while the snow was nearly a foot deep some one killed a garter snake just above Roscoe. It is not known whether it escaped from McDermott's saloon or not.

A NEW saloon in Coshocton is called the tidal wave. Was it so named because of the tidal wave which favored the Ohio Democrats last fall? A tidal wave of whisky gave them a victory

THE Coshocton County Pomona Grange will hold its regular meeting in the hall of the Coshocton Grange, on Saturday, January 5, at 10:30 A. M. A full attendance is desired. J. L. Rogers, Master. D. F. Denman, Secretary.

A POSTAL card announces the death at Paris, Ills., of Elsy May, daughter of E. B. and R. Douglass, at the age of one year and ten months. Friends here will receive this news with sorrow and sympathy for the bereaved parents.

IF Senator Crowell or Representative Bargar desire to render Coshocton a lasting benefit, one for which the people in years to come will rise up and call them blessed, let them put a bill through authorizing the Commissioners to levy a tax for pike roads.

THE AGE family is enjoying, and will enjoy for some time to come, some excellent raisins, for a nice box of which we are indebted to Mr. D. H. Mortley of the R. R. Corner Grocery, on Christmas day. He has plenty more of them, and we can assure you they are good.

REV. T W. CORNELL and wife, of Warsaw, were the recipients of a second donation, on the 24th inst., at the hands of members of his congregation and his friends in other churches. The total amount received foots up about $70, for which Mr. and Mrs. Cornell return sincere thankt.

PROBATE Judge Blackburn issued marriage licenses this week to John W. Barrett and Etta B. Mikesell, William T. Conley and Belle N. Hesett, George W. Collins and Angeline Phillips, Thomas B. Dorsey and Alice E. Compton, Joseph H. Gamertsfelder and Mary E. Frederick, Washington Flowers and Nancy J. Hull.

WE ARE glad to publish brief school reports, but can not undertake to publish tabulated statements giving the grade of each pupil on the several studies. Any items, however, of general interest and of educational benefit we will gladly give place in our columns. Several teachers in the county will thus understand why their reports do not appear.

About Good Roads

The excellent sleighing last week made the people all through the county feel in good spirits.

The roads were in splendid condition, the weather was pleasant, and all humanity enjoyed themselves. But this week affairs are changed. The snow has gone, and the present outlook is that the roads will soon be hub deep with mud, or if frozen solid, so rough as to shake the traveler up more than the ague shakes a new victim. Every one is saying, O, if we only had good roads, or if the snow had only remained, how much better business would have been. All recognize that the one thing more required by the people of the entire county than another is a good system of roads; and until this is accomplished our count must continue to loose thousands of dollars every year.

The question of good roads is not new to the readers of THE AGE, but we want to again impress upon them the urgent necessity of taking steps whereby they can be secured. Every year that is permitted to pass just adds that much more to the losses of the people.

The proposition to make a better system of roads is calculated to give some tax payers the night mare, but then it is not the live, progressive man that objects, because these are always ready for public improvements, knowing that it will result in enhancing the value of their property.

In this line we make a few excerpts from a communication in the Zanesville Courier, written from Wilmington, Ohio:

"A few years ago the subject of solid turnpikes began to be agitated in this county. A law was passed authorizing the county commissioners to issue county bonds for the building of free turnpikes under what is known as the "Two Mile Act." * * * Each property owner upon whom the tax was assessed, had five years in which to pay the same; that is the levy was divided into five annual payments. Although the bonds were issued by the county itself, yet a sinking fund was thus created which enabled the commissioners to pay the bonds as they came due without embarrassment. The taxes assessed being divided into five annual payments made it possible for those upon whom the assessments fell to meet the same."

They now have in that county more than five hundred miles of turnpike, and are still building, the average cost being $2,000 per mile, but the facilities for building roads are not so good there as are enjoyed in this county, where gravel can be obtained in any quantity desired immediately contiguous to the highways.

Continuing, the correspondent says:

"While the tax may seem a little heavy, there is not a piece of land lying along, or within two miles of a free turnpike, that is not worth from $10 to $20 more per acre. Nearly every farmer who wants to buy land in this county will not purchase at all unless he can secure a farm lying on or near a pike.

"The pikes in this county have cost over a million dollars; yet they could not be removed and compel our farmers to go back to mud roads for three times that amount. No matter what kind of weather we have they can always get to market. For this reason they can hold their products until prices reach a figure that is satisfactory, and they can haul to market as well in the winter as in the summer.

"There is another very important item. On our pikes we can drive eight miles per hour much easier, with less damage to a horse, than you can drive five miles per hour on a mud road."

When will the people of this county learn wisdom concerning this important question?

THE snow of last Sunday morning, which developed into a sleet and then a cold, drizzly rain, was general throughout Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Indiana and Illinois, and in many places the damage was great, especially in the cities, where cellars were flooded, roofs caved in, telegraph and telephone wires broken, and on the rivers coal barges and rafts of saw logs washed away. The railways were sufferers by track being washed away, tunnels caved in and bridges inquired. On the Pan Handle passenger trains from the east were delayed 48 hours, and at Frazeysburg a washout delayed the trains from the west six or eight hours.

Again the Railroad.

President G. A. Jones, Directors F. E. Barney and J. W. Cassingham, and Chief Engineer John Hanlon, of the proposed Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling Railway, left Thursday for a trip to Wheeling in the interests of the proposed line. They travel in a carriage, and will go by way of Cadiz and return by a more Southern route, perhaps through Newtown, in Tuscarawas county, and down Bird's Run. It is the intention to view the proposed routes, and feel of the temperament of the people. There is no question about the road being built if the proper spirit is manifested, and the sooner the people of thiscounty realize this the better. We do not wish to keep humdrumming railroad to our readers, but we are earnestly interesred in the welfare of both town and county, and this is surely the best prospect for the development thereof that has yet been proposed. But to secure it requires active work on the part of the people and a liberal donation in right of way and money, for which they can take stock if they so desire. It is a plain proposition however, and no possibility of losing, because not a dollar is to be paid until a road is built. All that is necessary is to say you will pay a certain amount when the road is completed, and work will commence.

Last week Col. Metham wrote to THE AGE an entertaining letter upon this subject, in which was pointedly enumerated the advantages to be derived by the people of the Walhonding Valley, and also enumerated several enterprises that had been projected over this route, but which were abandoned by the projectors, because of the hostility of the people. There were three of these named; but two were omitted, through oversight, no doubt. These were the Coshocton, Mt. Vernon & Delaware road, which was afterward merged into the Columbus & Mt. Vernon, passing through Delaware, and the Warner road which was finally taken by way of Newcomerstown. Having attempted so often to secure a road over this route, and failed, this project has very properly been termed the "last chance," because failing this time, it is nonsensical to presume any one will waste money upon the project again. It now rests with the people. If they want a road, let them subscribe liberally and the bonds can be negotiated and work commenced so soon as the weather will permit.

What will you do about it?

Death of Mrs John Wagoner.

The wife of Esquire John Wagoner, of Franklin township, died Wednesday of this week, at Columbus, the result of an operation in removing an ovarian tumor. Mrs. Wagoner had been a sufferer from tumor for about six months; and three weeks ago she went to Columbus, and Dr. Hamilton, of the Medical College, performed the operation, and she was in a fair way to recover, but paralysis of the bowels occurred, and death resulted, as herein stated. Her remains were brought to Coshocton Thursday and taken to her late home, and she was interred Friday at two o'clock.

Mrs. Wagoner's maiden name was Zimmer, and she was a native of Muskingum county. Her age was 49. She was an exemplary woman, loved and respected by all her acquaintances. She was a consistent member of the Lutheran Church, and died as she lived, an earnest christian. She leaves five children, two of whom are married, and the youngest of whom is an interesting little girl, ten years of age. Mr. Wagoner was with her during all the time of the operation and succeeding illness. The sympathy of all goes out to him and his in their great bereavement.

IF YOU received a statement of account from the publisher of THE AGE, please bear in mind what we say in our circular letter. If YOU are in arrears, but desire to continue to read THE AGE, now is a good time to *renew*. If YOU live in a Western State remember that under no circumstances do we send THE AGE outside the county unless it be paid for in advance, a word to the wise, etc.

THE "Klinker" of the Mushroom rag had a dream last week, and through the inspiration thereby gained, the readers of that paper were treated to a ten line original item; and now there is a prolonged and fervent wail going forth for the Klinker to dream again. It is an improvement upon stolen jokes of a far gone age, done up in new but transparent dress.

The Comedy of Errors.

The entertainment to be given by the teachers and scholars of the High School, at the Opera House, on Friday evening of next week, will present a perfect pageant of pleasantry. The principal play is one of Shakespear's best comedies, and justly entitled "The Comedy of Errors." In this drama we have a most novel plot wrought out with all the skill of the world's greatest dramatist. A venerable Syracusan has twin sons and twin servants separated by ship wreck, in quest of whom he roams the bounds of Asia, until he is doomed to die for landing on the coast of a belligerent Duke. Here, at Ephesus, the scene is laid in the highest style of dramatic art. The twin brothers, each with his twin servant, had arrived before. The elder, by arrival, had married a sister of his wife's sister; the latter with his servant was "but two hours old in Ephesus;" yet when met in a public place was dined by the wife for his married brother, resident in Ephesus.

The whole play is full to overflowing with ridiculous blunder, and most happy in comic combinations of personal mistakes. The wife unwittingly feasts the wrong twin and drives her own husband unfed from his own door. Each servant gets a beating from being mistaken for his twin brother.

The errors arising from mistaken identity come in so thick and the erroneous recognitions succeed each other so rapidly as to make the whole drama infinitely ludicrous It is such a play as could come only from the mind of such a consummate master.

The climax of surprise is reached when nobody knows anybody, and the puzzled Dromio cries out: "Am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?"

The bewildered wife exclaims: "I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me." The denouement comes in with the mutual recognition of Aegeon and his wife Armilia, their twin sons, accompanied by their fac-simile twin servants.

"Why, here begins this morning story right The father finds his family all, two wives their faithful husbands, two pairs of twins, each his twin brother—

"Add all that are assembled in the place,
Enjoy a merry feast."

GOV. FOSTER, Christmas eve, pardoned Mr. Alonzo Stevenson, of this town, sentenced to five years in the Penitentiary by the Common Pleas Court at Zanesville, in 1882, for producing an abortion upon Minnie Bagent, of Frazeysburg. The pardon was granted upon a petition of Coshocton citizens, and a "doubt as to his guilt." Stevenson came home in the afternoon of Christmas and ate turkey with his friends. It was a happy household. The Columbus Dispatch says of the pardon: "Pardon in this case was recommended by the Penitentiary Directors, at their meeting in July last, and who say that after having examined the evidence submitted to them, they believe his guilt to be questionable. A letter from Dr W. B. Holden, of Zanesville, to Governor Foster, on the subject, says he is satisfied that Stevenson was innocent, and from the fact that he was a witness at the post mortem examination, he is convinced that the prisoner could not have done the work—that he was not capable. He is certain that the result was due to over-exertion, in running about 300 yards to catch a railroad train." Dr. Hamilton, of Columbus, Ohio, recommended the pardon on same grounds as Dr. Holden

SOME months since we made mention of a peculiar case in Franklin township, at Coalport, wherein the child of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harris, then nearly a year old, had not developed since its birth, the cause being what is known in medical palance as infantile inanition or marasmus, or in other words, a refusal of the liver to act. Digestion had never taken place, and all food taken into the stomach passed off in the same condition in which it entered. Dr. Stokes took the case in charge and after a few months' treatment it has been completely cured, and now bids fair to develope into a healthy child. It is useless to say that the parents are greatly rejoiced and are loud in their praise of the ability of the physician. The child had been given up by all the physicians who had before treated it.

Railroad Meeting.

A meeting in the interests of the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling Railway will be held at Warsaw, Saturday, January 5, at one o'clock P. M. It will be addressed by Capt. E W. James and Capt. R. M Voorhes. Let the people of the Walhonding valley attend. This is a question in which all are vitally interested.

A LINTON correspondent writes to the Cambridge Jeffersonian thus: "Joseph Heslip, who has seen 90 years come and go, descanted on the present cheap postage after this fashion—'Why, when I came to Wills-creek nearly 70 years ago, and wrote home to Baltimore, I had to carry it to Cambridge to mail and pay 37 cents postage, and if I happened to write a very long letter, why then 75 cents. Ah! how things have changed 2 cents! Pretty calicoes too were 75 cents per yard. We did not wear much of it though."

EVERY lover of pure classic comedy should witness the rendition of Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," the most amusing medley of mistakes ever acted upon a stage, followed by a frolicsome farce in one unbroken strain of merry humor, at the Opera House on Friday evening, January 4, 1884. Good music and a few choice recitations thrown in. Proceeds to purchase books for the school library. General admission 25 cents; reserved seats 35 cents. Tickets now selling at the City Drug Store.

THE Willis C. Workman Post, 323, G. A. R., at Plainfield, Ohio, at their last regular meeting elected the following officers: P. C., T. J. Platt; S. V. C., S. P. Woodward; J. V. C., Samuel Davis; Q. M., E. G. Abbott; Chaplain, Joseph Love; Surgeon, E. C. Moore; O. D., David Duling; O. G., John B Bassett. Installation of officers will take place the evening of January 4th, 1884

IN undertaking to produce upon the stage one of Shakespeare's plays, the amateurs of Coshocton display much mental and theatrical bravery, that is to be admired; and they should receive a liberal patronage from the people of the town. The cause for which the entertainment is given is one that is laudable, and the effort to produce a play from the great master is better than to attempt the presentation of something silly and uninstructive, as is too often the case. By all means encourage them by your presence.

WE THIS week, insert in our columns some new foreign advertising that is both attractive in appearance, and profitable to the publisher. A part thereof is secured through the International Newspaper Advertising Agency, located at New Haven, Connecticut, and of which Mr. H. P. Hubbard, a live and progressive business man is the proprietor. In the past few years we have done considerable business with Mr. Hubbard, and we take pleasure in saying that he is one among the square men of the world with whom it is both pleasant and profitable to do business.

EVEYBODY should go to the High School entertainment at the Opera House on Friday evening next week and encourage our amateur actors who have ordered from Cleveland sixteen full costumes for a Shakespearean play which will then be presented with all the scenic effect that rich and elegant costumes can give. Tickets for sale at City Drug Store.

THE people of the State at large, as reported by the Columbus Times, the State organ of the Democracy, are beginning to learn what Coshocton county people have long known: that as a politician, Mr. Bargar is a double dealer and as full of duplicity as hades is full of sinners.

New Moscow.

Our band is improving in their musical ability, and will soon give an entertainment.

Our school is very successful under the tutorship of Mr. J. Perkins.

Last Saturday was the 23d birthday of Mr. R. C. Meek, and about fifty of his friends gathered and surprised him. A most sumptuous dinner was served. A number of valuable presents were also made, Mr. Wm. Fulkes acting as spokesman; to which Mr. Meek responded in feeling and neat manner The afternoon was spent pleasantly and the company were well entertained by instrumental music by Mr. M.

ONE.

Clerk's Office.

NEW CASES: J. R. Keim & Co. vs Thomas B. Hack. Amount claimed $888.32 and interest

Maria L. Ensley et al vs George W. Crout et al. Petition for partition of real estate.

Real Estate Transfers

Jerry McCune to James Sondles, lot 26 in Plainfield for $500.

David M. Crouch to Robert B. Bryan, 9 acres in Pike tp, for $550.

Robert B. Bryan to Ann McKee, 26 acres in Pike tp, for $1400.

Harriet McGinnis to Wm. H. Dickerson, 26 rods in Washington tp, for $250.

James Miskimen to C. T. Gaumer, lot 40 in Linton Mills, for $100.

John J. Alpeter to John Taylor, 50 acres in Crawford tp, for $1200.

A. C. Cullison to John C. Heft, 37 acres in Perry tp, for $1540.

James Smalley to J. M Compton, lot 65 in the Agricultural Society's addition to Coshocton, for $125.

John M. Compton to Rubina J. Randles, lot 65 in the Agricultural Society's addition to Coshocton, for $300.

Surprise Party at Bacon

About thirty of the scholars of Bacon schools and other friends assembled at their teacher's residence, last Saturday evening, and brought with them two very handsome and valuable presents. They seemed to enjoy themselves and managed everything to the perfect satisfaction of the teacher and his wife. We have often heard and read, "Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise;" we were in blissful ignorance of what was in store for us and it was well we were; for had we known anything of the intention of our scholars, we would have fretted about our inability to entertain them comfortably and thank them for this manifestation of their affectionate regard for their humble teacher: We extend to our friends and scholars our recognition of their kindness, and assure them that our pleasure in teaching them is greatly enhanced by this testimonial of their regard.

R. A. MCCLURE.

Married.

On Christmas day, by Rev. D. Trichler, at his own residence, Mr. Washington Flowers, of Muskingum county, to Miss Nancy J. Hull, of Coshocton county.

Wakatomika.

Winter has set in in dead earnest now, and old Vennor is left He predicted an open winter, while the indications just now point to the reverse. The farmers in this vicinity don't know which to cuss most, Vennor or their own luck. Jack Houser is of the opinion that Vennor is all right but that operatives in the weather work shops are on a strike, and that the boss wouldn't fill Vennor's order. Feed, except hay, is rather scarce in this community.

A project is on foot, which, if pursued to completion, will place our little village on a better footing. McBride, Staggers & Co propose to erect a large two-story buggy and paint shop. The shops when completed will be run by Mr. Dave Roney, out blacksmith, who is well known as a good buggy man! This is a step in the right direction, and we hope it will receive encouragement and wake this fossil place to activity.

The Chalfant Band boys held a protracted meeting last week with good results. They met every night in the week to prepare for the holidays.

One of Mr. Anderson Gibson's sons is down with the scarlet fever. Dr. Dorsey, of Dresden, is in attendance.

Oyster suppers, balls and all kinds of parties are now in vogue. There was a party at Will Daugherty's, where the young folks tripped the light fantastic, etc., till almost dawn. Oyster suppers at A. T. Bell's, Will Kinsey's, Leroy Stafford's and a party at Wm. Carey's were all well attended by the young folks, and well enjoyed, too.

Dresden is flourishing, notwithstanding the abuse heaped on that metropolis by the slimy "Man-about-town" of the Standard. The Pan Handle railroad will run a loading switch to Mr. Rambo's mill to accommodate his vast and constantly increasing custom. The Band boys held a benefit entertainment Christmas night. Tommy Comer is fast increasing his custom at the new steam mill, And the solemn-visaged undertaker is idle. Who says Dresden is not improving?

Henry Slaughter, of Nelsonville, O., is visiting his father and friends in this vicinity.

Wakatomika school is closed for the holidays.

Chalfant's pupils locked their teacher out on the day before Christmas We would simply suggest that that is becoming a little aged by this time, and shows those pupils to be behind the times.

Protracted meeting at New Moscow under charge of Rev. Roberts.

Wm. McBride and Mont Stafford are in a squabble over some hogs. It is said Stafford sold the hogs to McBride and afterward "renigged" McBride claims $10 damages, and Jos. Dickerson, J. P., will settle it

Big Christmas dinner at G. T. Smith's.

IRA L. SHARP.

Plainfield

Will T. Conley, son of Chas. Conley, and Belle Heskett, both of this town, were married by Rev. D. Trueman on Christmas morning.

Mrs. E. Sibley and son Stanley have returned from Kansas after a forty days' visit with friends there.

The dinner and supper held by the M. P. Church here on Christmas was a success; proceeds netted over $75.

M.

THE Masonic Review for December has been received. It is the oldest Masonic Periodical in the world, yet as sprightly as could be expected of the exponent of an order that is as dignified as the Masonic, The Review is brimful of excellent reading matter, adapted to the family circle as well as to the ardent and æsthetic student of the history and tenets of the "Craft workers." The Review is edited by Rev. Henry D. Moore, and published by Wrightson & Co., Cincinnati, O., at two dollars a year.

A FEW words to our patrons in regard to our Gifts, on Jan. 1, 1884. Some persons are suspicious that it is not honorable. Is there anything wrong in us giving away these fine presents? Or how would we know who would be entitled to either one of the presents if we did not give them a ticket? Then we have been asked if it was to be a fair and straightforward business transaction. How are we to know who holds the tickets, as we do not take the names of any of the persons holding them? Now, in order to have it satisfactory, we will appoint 10 o'clock A. M., Jan. 1st, the hour of drawing the Gifts, and will give to each one of the persons holding tickets a handsome photograph if they will come here on that day and appoint a person themselves to do the drawing. We shall advertise the numbers that draw the Gifts, and if the numbers are not brought in by Feb. 1st, we shall have another draw, and shall continue to draw, the first of each month, till some one gets the presents.

D. M. MOORE.

THIS WEEK

Burns, the Jeweler, will show an elegant line of Gold and Silver Watches, that for fineness, character of works, and price can not be excelled. If you need a watch he will make it to your interest to call on him.

GET A PRESENT.

E. Marks, at the New York Store in the west room of the Park Hotel Hotel building, Christmas day gave away a large number of presents—in fact, all that called got one. During the week he continued the giving of Christmas presents, and will continue until the close of New Year's day. If you have not received one call at once. They are of real worth, and you will receive one whether you buy or not.

REMEMBER Matthews is only making those large pictures for $1.00 during the Holidays; the regular price is $2.

THE HOLIDAY WIND UP

Sale at Burns, the Jeweler's, will be an opportunity for buyers to secure some great bargains in neck chains, finger and ear rings, solid silver ware, and articles without end in the Jewelry line. Go and see.

SOME things that will make a handsome present, that you can purchase at D. M. Moore's:

Beautiful Silk Handkerchiefs;
Elegant one half Hose;
Fine Silk Suspenders;
Handsome Scarfs and Pins;
One hall dozen Linen Collars;
One-half dozen pairs of Cuffs,
Nice Initial Cuff Buttons;
Fancy Embroidered Hem stitched Linen Handkerchief;
Fine Silk Muffler;
Warm pair of Gloves.
Silk Pulse Warmer;
Box of our Silver or Gold Shirts;
A set of Underwear; or, if you feel rich, a Fine Suit of Clothes.

Every person buying any article, ever so small, from now until January 1st, will receive a present of a beautiful Plaque, Photograph or box of Dominos.

FINE Photographs for Christmas presents at Matthews' Gallery.

HERE IS A CHANCE FOR YOU

To buy a Gold or Silver Watch, a Finger Ring, a set of Ear Rings, Solid Silverware, an Alarm Clock, a fancy French Clock, a Seth Thomas Clock, or in fact anything in this line, at prices that are astonishing, and from a stock that cannot be excelled.

BURNS, the Jeweler.

Buy the Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine. C. C. Miller, Agent.

Agricultural Election

The annual meeting of the Coshocton County Agricultural Society for the election of officers, will be held at the City Hall, in Coshocton, on Monday, January 4, 1884, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

L. DEMOSS, President.
L. W. POE 2d, Secretary. 29-2t

MATTHEWS has the largest line of picture frames and mouldings in town, and will make frames of any kind to order on short notice.

STORE FOR SALE.

Having decided to go out of the mercantile business, I am now retailing my entire stock at cost and a great many articles at less than cost. I will sell the the stock and building cheap to any person desiring to continue the business or will sell the building alone, a large warehouse capable of storing fifteen thousand bushels of grain. Address,

ALFRED PECK,
Evansburgh, O.

FOR SALE:—Team of horses; three wagons—stone or log—low and light; plows, harness, scraper, sled, and house and lot in Steel Works addition to Coshocton. Call on or address Geo. Sherrard.

THE next meeting of the Coshocton County Wool Growers Association will be held in town hall, Coshocton, on Monday, Jan. 14, 1884, at 10 o'clock a. m. Let there be a general turn out of the wool growers of the county. Good speakers will be present.

J. J. PARISH, Sec'y.

THE Winter term at Zanesville Business College opens January 2, 1884. 8 4t

TO THE PUBLIC.

COSHOCTON, O., Nov. 1, 1883.

This certifies that D. M. Moore bought Lady's Watch No. 1352725 in solid gold case and the same is warranted to be a good time keeper.

W. W. BOSTWICK.

This is to certify that Watch No. 276796 purchased of me by D. M. Moore is warranted solid gold, and is guaranteed a good time piece.

WM. BURNS, JR.

SELBY, MOORE & CATON have begun an auction sale of the entire stock of Dry Goods in their old room in Schaich's Block. The sale will continue until all the stock is sold.

NOTICE.

Any person knowing themselves in debt, either book account or note, will please call and settle at once. If not settled by January 10, 1884, they shall be put in a collectors hands and 8 per cent. charged.

Yours etc.,
HAY & RANSOM.

AUCTION!

We are now selling at Auction the entire Stock of Dry Goods and Millinery in our old room, in Schaich's Block. We want to close them all out this week

Here is the best chance of the season for bargains. Come in and get the goods at your own prices.

The sale will continue until the entire stock is disposed of.

Respectfully,

SELBY, MOORE & CATON

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

Written for The Coshocton Age.

ONLY A GOVERNESS.

BY PAULINE H. SIMKINS.

"Yes, a very attractive person, certainly; but then—she is only a governess!" and the speaker emphasized the last word spitefully, as though the person in question were decidely offensive.

Why, Miss Howard! to hear you speak, one would suppose that to be a governess was to commit the unpardonable sin.

Well, I must confess, replied the petted beauty with an impatient toss of her superb head, that I have very little sympathy for such persons.

And this was the smiling, gracious Maud Howard, who had been so excessively kind to me during the short period I had spent in the family as governess of her younger brother and sister. Little did I dream, as I took my seat in the vine-clad summer-house that morning, that such a revelation of deceit awaited me; and above all things, to hear myself so underrated to the gentlemanly young lawyer, Hugh Arleigh, who was spending a short vacation at the Howard Mansion. What must he think of me! Of course he would never speak to me again after learning Miss Maud's opinion of 'such persons,' for her verdict was law, at least, so far as family affairs were concerned.

'An attractive young person!' I repeated angrily; yes, if you so call a round, girlish face, which is continually flushing just when its owner wishes to appear calm and collected; great, flashing, black eyes, which are always betraying her most secret thoughts; the sombre hue of said orbs being surpassed only by the raven hair, all a tangle with wilful curls, which, in spite of all the persuasive bands and braids introduced, will not appear decent—attractive, indeed!" and with a sense of bitter mortification, occasioned by the hopeless condition of my 'charms,' I began sobbing in a very quiet, methodical way, when this process dure was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Bertha Howard, my youngest pupil.

Why, Miss Lee! if I haven't caught you crying like any school girl! havn't been so naughty as to deserve a whipping? Not exactly, Bertha, I replied, carefully brushing the last tear away, but we younger pupils in the school of life often experience sterner sorrows than those occasioned by the birch or ferule. I'm sorry if you're in trouble, Miss Lee, said the impulsive girl as she wound her plump little arms affectionately about my neck, and imprinted a warm kiss upon my forehead. Thank you, Bertha, you are a very efficient comforter. Perhaps, after all, it was only an April shower. I hope so she said demurely, as she proceeded to twine a spray of scarlet cypress amid my luckless curls, at the same time exclaiming, O, Miss Lee! wait a moment until I gather a few poppies, then you will look exactly like my new chromo, called Summer.

Bertha! I cried, laughing; hadn't you better add a sunflower and a few hollyhocks?

Not at all! she responded, soberly, they would spoil the effect, completely. Then, after carefully arranging the flowers to suit her taste, she dropped gracefully upon one knee, and and began with poetic enthusiasm:

Hail, hail to thee Summer, so joyous and bright,
We welcome thy coming with—with—

With shrieks of delight? I ventured timidly.

O, mercy, no! exclaimed my dutiful devotee, rising indignantly to her feet. I hope that you are not like Rob; there's never any sentiment when he's within decent ear shot.

I am sure my intentions were honorable, I said by way of apology.

Well, we'll call it quits, if you'll come down to the meadow and help me fly my kite.

Bertha! I exclaimed reproachingly; you do not wish me to understand that you have added kite-flying to your other accomplishments?

Yes, ma'am; she replied merrily, and, *sotto voce*, Rob has promised to teach me to swim.

O, you horrid girl! I exclaimed, striving to look really awful. What would your mamma say if she knew of this?

S'pose she'd say what she always does; that I'm the torment of her life, and that she can't sleep for worrying about me, and that she never can make a lady of me in the kingdom, but must give me up in despair as an ungovernable Tom-boy.

Of course my semblance of austerity was out of the question while studying the serio-comic expression of this incorrigable elf, during the pathetic description of her possible ultimatum.

Bertha, why is it that you have such an unlucky preference for boyish amusements?

Why, you know; Miss Lee, mamma never has any time for me, and as I am only fourteen, it would be improper to mingle in sister Maud's society, so I am driven to Rob as a last resource; he's a capital fellow though—teaches me all the games he knows, and lends me anything I want; that's his, with a nod toward the kite. But you won't tell mamma about the swimming? she inquired eagerly. Rob says that thousands of lives are lost each year by women's ignorance of the water; beside, I've bought the cunningest little bathing-suit and 'twould be a sin if I didn't get to use it, she added persuasively.

I will promise to keep your secret upon one condition, I replied after a moment's reflection, and that is that you practice in very shallow water.

Promise? of course I will, she answered gally; but you need have no fear on that account, for Rob has stretched a stout rope far out into the river for my benefit, so that an accident is impossible.

Very well, I replied, while unrolling the kite string; I hope that you will be cautious, and remember that I will be held accountable for anything that may occur.

Indeed I will! exclaimed my delighted charge, as she joyously seized the string of the bouyant kite, and ran off.

Being left to myself, I began a study of my surroundings. The day was like the majority of June days—perfect. A mellow light was flooding vale and woodland; a shimmering haze still hung above the river, where the sun had failed to reach it: an oriole was singing tumultuously amid the purple shadows of the forest. Ah, how I longed to explore its mystic recesses; to listen to its tinkling cascades as they purled and danced over the moss grown rocks! How I longed to gather its strange, wierd flowers, and revel mid its choicest ferns! But suddenly remembering that I was 'only a governess,' and that such a prodigal waste of time was a privilege belonging only to the *elite*, I hastily arose and went in search of my jubilant pupil, when a little scream of dismay attracted my attention.

Oh, Miss Lee! to think that a horrid branch should entangle my poor kite, so that it will be entirely ruined!

Laying aside a few specimens that I had collected for my herbarium, I hastened to the rescue. After taking in the predicament of the kite, I vainly strove to dislodge it by pelting it with some of the numerous pebbles surrounding us A half hour had been spent without the least sign of success, when Bertha said mischievously, Throw once with your eyes shut, and I'll wager my old slippers you'll hit it.

A saucy reply was upon my lips, when——

Can I be of any assistance, Miss Lee? in the most musical of masculine voices, caused me to look around. Imagine my chagrin upon finding the cultured Hugh Arleigh regarding my frantic efforts with very perceptable mirth.

I hope you have enjoyed your entertainment," I said, flushing angrily, as I mentally pictured my burlesque appearance.

Thank you, he replied with his politest bow; I have enjoyed it hugely. Then noticing my utter astonishment at his audacity, he continued, but you will admit that I have been justly revenged for your unconditional assault upon myself after you have heard my explanation——

Proceed, I commanded, with as much dignity as I could summon upon such short notice.

Well, being beguiled by the salubrious atmosphere and the mellow haze which wreathed the river like a bridal veil, I betook myself at an early hour to the emerald banks of yon meandering streamlet, with a fixed purpose to entrap the unwary speckled beauties which inhabit its limpid depths, and whose retreat——

Please be brief, Mr. Arleigh, as I have but little time at my disposal, I said curtly, as I perceived that he was inclined to ridicule.

Yes, hurry up! I'm getting hungry, piped in Bertha.

I was undecided whether his amused smile was occasioned by my remark or that of Bertha's, but it made no material difference, I declared mentally, while spitefully dismembering my luckless specimens.

I beg your pardon, ladies, he continued with mock gravity; I went fishing, and as the trout wouldn't bite, and as the musquitoes would, I betook myself to the sylvan forests—off again, ladies, but pray forgive.

Let a repentant sinner live, quoted the sacrilegious Bertha.

As I was saying, I went into the woods and being overcome by the general drowsiness of the surroundings, fell in a profound slumber which was rendered heavenly by numerous dreams of home, when the scenery was suddenly shifted by unseen hands, and I appeared to be out in a terrible hailstorm. Indeed, so life-like seemed the vision and so emphatic seemed the hailstones, that I awoke to find them (the stones) falling about me thick and fast so, scrambling out to learn the cause—I had learned the effect—

Here I interrupted the speaker with a peal of laughter. And so you got the benefit of the pelting if the kite didn't.

Yes, Miss Lee, and I must congratulate you upon the precision of your aim.

Not at all! I answered carelessly, for I was aiming at the kite and not at you. Had I thrown at you I might possibly have struck the kite.

Perhaps so! replied Mr. Arleigh with a very audible smile; but rather than expose my precious frame as a target for your missiles, I will, with your permission, volunteer to dislodge the captive.

Of course I assented, and in another moment had the satisfaction of seeing this young 'limb of the law' scale the huge oak with all the swiftness of an acrobat.

You are quite an expert at climbing, I ventured as I received the uninjured toy from his hand.

Thank you! that is an accomplishment for which I am indebted to the irresistable fruit trees of 'Old Grunty'—excuse me Miss, but those college sobriquets will creep in, Dr. Grundy being his real name—was more noted for his success as a gardner than for his generosity, and so, ever remembering that the gods help those that help themselves, we did so.

For shame! I cried reprovingly, then turned to call Bertha as it was time for music lessons, but discovered that young lady to be al ready on her way to the house; with a hasty excuse, I started to follow.

If my company is not disagreeable, Miss Lee, I should enjoy the pleasure of escorting you, and besides there are numerous snakes concealed in the luxuriant grass.

Don't think to frighten me into submission by the mentioning of serpents as wasps are my only terror, I answered, laughing. And so this grand catch, as I had heard him designated by the enthusiastic Madam Howard, was not above walking with her poor unpretentious little governess, whose scanty wages served as a frail barrier in keeping the wolf from the door of a certain shabby little cottage, which was rendered homelike by the best mother a girl ever knew.

Our way leading through a group of firs, we suddenly came upon Maud Howard, swinging lazily in her hammock. Mr. Arleigh would have passed on with a simple nod of recognition, had she not called me in order to make a trifling inquiry regarding a piece of fancy work, which I knew she detested, and was confident that her real motive was to gain a little time in order to display her charming toilet, which, she knew, became her vastly. The dress was made of some filmy texture of a bright azure hue, tastefully trimmed with rare, old lace, the price of which to me would have been a fortune. The sleeves were short, disclosing to perfection the snowy roundness of the beautiful arms, upon which gleamed the costliest of bracelets. The bewitching, golden hair was arranged in the most faultless manner, and surmounted with a coronal of snow-white daisies. Maud was well aware that this listless attitude well became her regal beauty, consequently improved the opportunity with the view of making an indelible impression upon Hugh Arleigh, whom she considered to be the lion of the season. As I rejoined the gentleman in question, I found him twirling his handsome, auburn mustach with a very unmistakable air of impatience.

Excuse my boldness, Miss Lee, but do you always find it so convenient to humor the whims of that gorgeous butterfly? with a very significant nod in Maud's direction.

If I do not find it so, I am generally obliged to make it so, I answered laughing. But why shouldn't a humble, working bee fly on wings of gladness to execute the bidding of so beautiful a butterfly? I asked gally.

Because, replied my companion, soberly, because the working bee has a far nobler mission to perform than to spend her life in one long, dreamy holiday, caring for naught but herself. I tell you, Miss Lee, there are those who scorn labor, either mental or physical regarding it as a sort of crime, when we owe all that we are, as a nation, to men who are not ashamed to toil; but here we are at our destination, and thanking you for the pleasure of your company, I will bid you adieu, until we meet again, and gracefully lifting his hat, he was gone.

Miss Lee, I should like to see you a moment in my room, said Madam Howard as she arose from a comfortable seat upon the veranda.

Very well, I replied, as I removed my large sun hat, using it as an impromtu fan. Madam preceeded me to the council chamber, as I secretly denominated her private room, with an air of authority that I had previously failed to notice. The very rustle of her stately robe seemed to whisper that something of great importance was about to transpire, yet what it might prove to be, I was unable to conjecture beyond the possibility of its being some new *modus operandi* for the school room. Upon entering the apartment, I was directed, by a wave of the Madam's hand, to a large, cushioned rocker, half hidden by the silken drapery of a window. The Madam, after seating herself directly opposite me, began:

I have something to say to you, Miss Lee, in regard to Mr. Arleigh. He is, as I suppose you are aware, a very entertaining young man, and also, a very elegant one; but for all that, he has one very disagreeable trait, and that is—*he will flirt!* Now, as one who is interested in your welfare, I have taken upon myself the unpleasant responsibility of warning you, hoping that you will take no offence at my intended kindness.

Why, my dear madam, I exclaimed, laughing heartily, Mr. Arleigh is almost an entire stranger to me; I don't know that I had spoken a dozen words to him before this morning.

That may all be, too; replied the lady, gravely shaking her head, but I have lived too long and seen too many male coquettes to misinterpret the look with which he regarded you as together you came up the walk. Why, he never removed his eyes for a single instance, and I shall not feel at rest until you have solemnly promised me that you will receive no attentions at his hands.

A not very difficult promise, I'm sure, I replied lightly, and less difficult to keep.

Very well, replied the lady, with a sigh of relief; I knew I was not mistaken in your good judgment. But I will not longer detain you, as Bertha is waiting in the school room for her morning's lessons.

Several weeks had passed since my interview with madam, and still my promise had been faithfully observed, although many a fragrant boquet, accompanied by Hugh Arleigh's card, had found its way to my dressing-table, to be pitilessly tossed out of my window as some new mode of flirtation But why the madam should be so very solicitous about my welfare, and yet permit her own daughter to spend the greater portion of her time in the company of the dreadful 'male coquette' was a question which puzzled me greatly, until accidentally overheard a conversation which explained everything.

Hugh Arleigh's visit was fast drawing to a close. He and Maud had been out driving during the afternoon, and I seated in my window, could not fail to note the disappointed, almost angry expression of the haughty belle, as he assisted her to alight from the carriage. I noticed, too, that his face wore a sad, troubled look that was a stranger to it, and, wondering vaguely if he had proposed and been heartlessly rejected by the spoiled beauty, I turned away. It was not until the night had fallen that I dared to venture out upon the veranda, fully assured that Hugh Arleigh was safely ensconsed in the parlor with the charming Maud for company—but no! was that not her voice proceeding from the Madam's private room.

I can't help it! It is simply ridiculous! To think that a horrid, flame-faced governess should so completely upset all my well laid plans! You must discharge her mamma, I can never bear the sight of her again.

Strive to calm yourself, daughter; perhaps things are not in so desperate a state as you imagine, and as to discharging Miss Lee that would be the height of folly as she is a very excellent instructor, and besides the children have become attached—

O, yes, interrupted Maud, no doubt of it. Keep her if you will, but bear in mind that if you do so, I will not remain under the same roof!

Tell me, daughter, what reason have you for surmising that Mr. Arleigh is interested. Interested, exclaimed Maud, frantically, stamping her daintily slippered foot, I tell you he is madly, hopelessly in love with her! Why, I never meet him any more but what his first sentence is an inquiry relating to her; wants to know why she is such a 'recluse'—I think that's the word—and why she is so shy of male society. At one time, thinking to end all further inquiry in that direction, I flatly told him that she was a person not likely to marry, as her invalid mother depended entirely upon her for support.

O, Maud! exclaimed her mother, reproachfully.

And what do you think he did right there but go into ecstacies over her 'filial piety' and 'charming devotion', dear only knows where he would have ended if I hadn't discovered an imaginary spider in order to change the subject.

And has he never made any declaration to you? asked the Madam quietly.

Only his declaration of unbounded affection for that detestable—

Maud! exclaimed the mother severely; Mr. Arleigh could not be so very unmanly!

Well he might as well, when one can read it in his every word and action exclaimed Miss Maud, finding herself, fairly corrected.

I feared this, sighed the Madam in dispair, and took the precaution to inform Miss Lee that Mr. Arleigh was a horrible flirt, which the poor little dupe readily believed, faithfully promising me that she would studiously avoid him, and has, I believe, faithfully kept her word.

Which was the worst thing that could happen; for had she come boldly out and given Hugh a chance to behold her coarseness, he undoubtedly would have been disenchanted before—

Hush, Maud, interrupted her mother, Miss Lee is a lady, and I will not hear her abused. She is not in the least to blame for anything that has occurred. But drive that fearful scowl from your face, and come down to the parlor, Mr. Arleigh is waiting for a song.

And a moment later these two designing women entered the luxuriant parlor with countenances of angelic serenity. After their departure I stood leaning against one of the marble columns of the veranda utterly overcome by conflicting emotion. And so the imperial Maud had ordered my dismissal. What would become of my poor mother, and what would become of myself! With a feeling of utter destitution, I buried my face in my hands and wept. A moment later and I was drawn gently down upon a rustic seat standing near.

Excuse me, Miss Lee, but owing to the oppressive atmosphere within, I, as well as yourself, have been an accidental eaves-dropper, and would suggest—

O, Mr. Arleigh! I exclaimed now thoroughly frightened, please release my hand, I must go.

Not until you have heard what I have waited so long to tell you, he replied calmly. All that Miss Howard has said regarding my infatuation, is strictly true. I have loved you devotedly, desperately ever since that morning I assisted you in dislodging that truant kite.

O Mr. Arleigh! I exclaimed ruefully and I was so saucy!

Yes, so charmingly saucy, pursued the impudent fellow actually kissing the hand he held, and right then and there I though how jolly it would be to be 'sauced' by you the remainder of my natural life. Do you remember how I teased you?

Of course I do, I answered shortly, especially with your description of the 'hail-storm'—but pray release my hand—besides Miss Maud is waiting for you.

I will have my say, though a dozen Miss Mauds are in waiting. Miss Lee—Nellie, you are aware of my devotion will you be my own sweet wife?

I cannot answer for the sweetness, I replied gravely.

Ah! as saucy as ever, I perceive, exclaimed my author, rising to his noble height, his handsome, eager face barely discernible in the new moon's uncertain light.

Answer me truly, Nellie—but I think you no woman! to trifle—is it yes, or no?

You could hardly expect a very encouraging reply upon such a short acquaintance——

There! there! that will do! playfully covering my mouth with his hand. Not another word on the subject until I meet you in the summer house tomorrow eve at sunset. May I hope to find you there?

I fear not. You are certainly aware of madam's objections?

Which are a very flimsy excuse for such an embodiment of independence as yourself. Will you be there? Remember, I leave on the day following.

You may expect me, I replied briefly.

A thousand thanks; and after fervently kissing my imprisoned hand, he bade me good night.

Once alone in my own little room, I experienced my first mental conflict between duty and love. Yes—for it was useless denying that that the noble Hugh Arleigh was more to me than any other man in the wide, wide world. Yet, how was I to accept his proposal and desert my widowed mother! Or, how could I take her with me, to a home in the family of the aristocratic Arleighs, where I was sure she would deem herself a burden, and spend the remnant of her days in ceaseless fretting. My naturally independent nature revolted at the idea. No; my answer must be an emphatic No! was my final decision; and I might as well have told him first as last.

The sun was fast nearing the western horizon upon the following eve, as I strolled, book in hand, toward the appointed trysting place. A delightful stillness pervaded the balmy air, broken only at intervals by a peon of melody from some feathered songster perched mid the tangled shade of the elms, which grew wide and luxuriant along the drive leading from the mansion to the main road. With my mode of procedure carefully mapped out, I took my seat in the fragrant bower. A few moments were consumed in the listless leafing of my little volume, when a shadow fell across its page.

I am sorry to have kept you waiting, Nellie; still, it is scarcely sunset; and with a happy smile Hugh Arleigh took a seat at my side.

Well, darling, what is my fate?

Mr. Arleigh, I began steadily——

Why can't you call me Hugh, he asked reproachfully.

Without heeding the interruption, I continued: I desire to make this interview as brief as possible, and am prepared, after mature deliberation, to inform you that an acceptance of your kind proposal is an utter impossibility!

Miss Lee—Nellie! he cried, passionately, are you not unjust? Have you not spoken too hastily?

If years were granted for my decision, the answer could not be otherwise. That is, under the existing circumstances.

Tell me all about it, darling—what do you mean by 'circumstances?' he asked, tenderly.

Miss Maud has kindly saved me the trouble of an explanation! I said, bitterly.

My poor darling! And so the thought of your mother is all that stands between us and happiness! Don't you know, pet, that my home is large enough for all? he inquired tenderly drawing me toward him.

Reader, was it a sin, if, for a single instant, I allowed my weary head to be pillowed upon the noble heart, so anxious to shelter me from all the storms of life?

But, suddenly remembering my resolve, I readily tore myself from his protecting arms, and said hastily, for fear of an utter breaking down—I am very grateful for your proffered kindness, Mr. Arleigh, but cannot think of accepting it. He gave me a deep searching look, as if he were striving to read my inmost soul, then, rising to his feet, exclaimed:

I cannot think you heartless, Nellie, yet am unable to account for your strange conduct, but rest assured I shall never give you up. I leave in the morning for my old dingy law office. How long I shall remain there, I know not. Perhaps I may join the recruiting army on the frontier; but, if you do not wish to make my life an utter wreck, promise me, at least, that you will not wed, until we meet again.

Seeing that the man's whole soul was in the simple request, I promised.

My brave little woman! he cried gladly, life is not all hopeless!

Then, after a fervent pressure of the hand, I was left alone in the gathering darkness. With a dull, nameless pain at my heart, I retraced my steps feeling that life, without the priceless love I had so cruelly rejected, were more than death. All night I tossed upon my comfortless pillow, tortured by horrid visions of Hugh Arleigh's death at the hands of scores of yelling savages. Then the scene would change, and he was lying sick and neglected among strangers. O, how I longed to recall my cruel words, but that was impossible. With the first streak of dawn I arose and dressed, hoping to see Hugh before his departure, and in some way atone for my cruelty. Catching a glimpse of my haggard face in the little mirror opposite, I discovered that for once, at least, I was as pale as I could possibly desire. With a bitter smile I seated myself at the window to await the breakfast bell, and as its clear echo rang through the halls it inspired me with fresh courage. Perhaps, after all, Hugh had not gone. Upon entering the breakfast room I discovered that he had not yet made his appearance, but found the madam in her accustomed place, smiling and bland. Bertha innocently inquired for Hugh.

He breakfasted alone, Miss, explained an old servant, and was driven to the station at an early hour.

And thus I heard my sentence of doom without daring to betray the pain it occasioned.

* * * * * * * * *

Lady, don't you want your fortune told? and the great, mournful black eyes of the Gipsy were really eloquent in their beseeching.

I have no desire to learn the future, if it be as dreary as the past, I replied sadly.

But there is great happiness for you, lady. Oh, I could make your heart leap; and I would tell you only the truth, lady, Go!'s own, honest truth

Can you tell me a little of the past, in order to prove your veracity; I laughed incredulously.

I can do that, lady. You have seen a great deal of trouble, and have buried your last relative. You are obliged to toil for your bread, and often repine because you are all alone in the world, but that is your own fault—all your own fault! exclaimed the old crone, wisely shaking her head.

What do you mean? I asked eagerly.

Ah, the Gipsy can not reveal more until her hand is crossed with silver," said the wiley old dame. Very well, I will see you again, I replied, turning to go. "See that you do, lady, for it is to your own interest." And leaving the aged hag as a fit companion for the almost leafless wood, I hurriedly pressed on, for it was nearly school time, and the eager children were, no doubt, even then wondering at my protracted tardiness.

Three long, weary years had passed since my parting with Hugh Arleigh, and the Gipsy had spoken truly when she said that I had buried my last relative, for, a few months previous, my sainted mother had been laid to rest in the quiet village church-yard, where I longed to lay my weary head, feeling that never again could I summon sufficient courage to battle with the heartless world for my very existence.

I had long since left the Howard mansion, as Bertha had been sent to a distant seminary, and Rob. to college. So the reader finds me duly installed in a little country school house, toiling for my daily bread. All day the prophetic voice of the Gipsy kept ringing in my ear. How could she know of my mother's death? or how could she be so well acquainted with my past life? Laugh as I might at the idea, I felt that I must learn what the Gipsy had to tell me. School had been dismissed for the day and I was on my way to my boarding-place, which led directly by the Gipsy encampment Hoping to find the old south-sayer awaiting me, I hurried on; I was not to be disappointed, for there she was, seated upon a moss-grown rock, no unlike a vulture waiting for its prey. A smile of triumph lit up her somber visage as I approached.

It is well; the lady is wise, she exclaimed in a flattering tone.

Be expeditious, I said hurridly, fearful of being seen in her company. Here is the silver. And in another moment I was listening to a correct history of my past life, and to even an account of Hugh's proposal, of which I was confident no mortal was aware excepting ourselves. And he is still waiting for you, lady. Yes, in heaven, I responded solemnly, for I had heard of his death on the frontier. No, upon this very green earth, and he is thinking of you at this moment, wondering if you have kept your promise. I started, what did not this mystic Gipsy know? And will he one day return? I asked eagerly. To be sure he will, and soon, but hark ye, lady, be more merciful than you were before. All the day following I performed my work, but imperfectly, often wondering if the pupils noticed my agitation. The last pupil had bidden me good evening; and I was seated at my desk making some needed preparations for the morrow's toil, when I was startled by a shadow darkening the door-way. Upon looking up I perceived a tall, bearded gentleman standing upon the threshold, awkwardly bowing in school boy style, as he asked: Please ma'am, are you ready for my recitation? With a cry of joy, I bounded toward him. O, Hugh," was all I could say, as I sobbed out my penitence upon his forgiving breast. Well, the Gipsy did prophesy truly; but it was not until after I was Mrs. Hugh Arleigh, that that wretched husband of mine confessed to having furnished the Gipsy with all her valuable information regarding myself; and more, had actually bribed her to waylay me on my way to school, and entice me to have my fortune told. After which confession, I, of course, pulled his ears, (as any dutiful wife should have done) threatening him with a divorce suit on the grounds of his having obtained me upon false pretenses, but all to no avail, for the impudent fellow declares that as his own wooing had been unsuccessful, he was perfectly right in resorting to strategy in order to prevent a second defeat.

I received a letter from Bertha Howard not long since in which she informs me that she is making preparations for a wedding, in which she and a promising young physician are to figure as the principle actors. Maud still wastes her sweetness upon the desert air, though Bertha hints that an ancient music master of French extraction, is quite attentive in that direction, but adds in parenthesis, (he is so unearthly homely that I know his face must fairly ache.

But here is Hugh, man like, promptly on hand for his dinner; and, looking over my shoulder, asks mischievously, what, little woman, not preparing food for the editor's waste-basket, while I am so intolerably hungry?

No Grease for Him.

"When Grecce her knees—Grecce her knees—Grecce her—knees," stammered an embarrassed school-boy forgetting the rest of his recitation. "There is no occasion to grease anybody's knees" shouted his teacher. "Go and study your piece." Neither is there occasion to grease your hair. Parker's Hair Balsam is all the dressing you want. Restores the original color to gray or faded hair. Does not soil the linen; not a dye; good for the scalp prevents falling out.

Hotels in the Yellowstone.

My return journey to the Mammoth Hot springs was hurried, but it gave me an opportunity of learning something about the way in which the park employes live. At nightfall we reached the only camp within thirty miles to find that a party of visitors had just arrived, and that there was no chance of accommodation. In this dilemma—and it was so dark that we could hardly see two rivers through which we passed—our indefatigable guide recollected that a mile and a half distant there was a log cabin belonging to a wheelwright in the service of the company. He dashed off to ascertain if we could have friendly shelter for the night, and speedily brought word that we might have supper and a blanket on the floor. No weary guests could have received a heartier welcome, and, immediately the wife heard that one member of our party of four was a sick lady, she showed the kindest attention. The sleeping apartment occupied by the hard-working couple was remarkably simple. A canvas screen was stretched across one end of the cabin, and a rough straw bed was to them the softest couch. The little house really boasted two rooms, but one was for the storage of lumber and provisions. The cabin itself was given up for our use. Certainly the company having control of the park take care that their workmen are properly housed and protected, both from the extremes of climate and the wild animals, which in winter time prowl around human habitations in search of food. Every chink was so sealed that the only ventilation was through the open door. A supper and breakfast were provided far better than any we had tasted for days. Fresh coffee was ground and served equal to that in a Parisian cafe, and there was an abundance of fresh eggs, milk, cakes, and bread. For the hospitality we were only asked 75 cents each less than the price of a single bad meal at many other places we had entered. In one respect the good nature of these worthy people was inconvenient. The night being cold, a fire was kept up in a stove, until at last we could scarcely breathe, and a large hunting dog, unaccustomed to seeing strangers lying on the ground, deemed it to be his duty to keep strict watch. In the morning he manifested less suspicion in our movements, and listened with a kind of personal interest to his master, as he related some of his adventures with wild animals which infest the park. When he exhibited his rifle and the skull of a fine bear—one of the ornaments of the cabin—the dog evidently meant us to understand that on these shooting excursions his intelligent aid was of some importance.

The wheelwright had had no experience of the depths of winter in the park, as he and his wife had come from Canada early in the spring. At that time they had to obtain provisions from a distance of 120 miles. Nearer than that, prices at the squatters' huts and tents were about famine quotations. Nor did they expect to remain at their present comfortable quarters during the coming winter. All traffic through the park is then out of the question. To be stationed here when the snow has blotted out the trails and paths, when the rivers are swollen to torrents and the ice on the hills renders them impassable, must be as cheerless an existence as that of a light-house keeper on some lonely island, where the storm-tossed waves forbid all approach. The light-house keeper, indeed, would have the advantage. He would not be cut off from all chance of rescue. During a calm he could receive supplies, and vessels are constantly passing in the distance. But these high mountain ranges and desolate alkali plains are as forbidding as the arctic regions to man. Soon after the end of September, when bad weather duly commences, all those who have been busy ministering to the wants of tourists and hunting parties pack up and hasten away. A few hunters and squatters may be heard of now and then roaming about certain parts in search of game, but the park is practically abandoned. *Cor. Lon. Tel.*

Cities Warmer than the Country.

Those who happen to live at a little distance from the heart of the city must frequently have noticed a lack of accord between readings of their own standard thermometers and the published observations of the signal service observers of their locality. The reason of the discord is plain, viz., the perturbing action of the heat which the city emits; and, however gratifying it may be to the outsider to find himself superior to the government observers, it is very little credit to the weather bureau that this particular source of error was not long since recognized and avoided. The remarks of Professor Whitney on this subject, as applied to observations made at London, are pertinent and convincing. He says: "It is a well-known fact that cities are considerably warmer than the more thinly inhabited country otherwise, under similar climatic conditions. Statistics prove this to be true; and there could be no doubt that such would be the effect of an immediate aggregation of population within a limited space, even if there were no statistics bearing on this question. Many millions of tons of coal are burned in and about big cities during every year, and the whole mass of brick of which the city is built is heated during the entire winter, and more or less in the summer, many degrees above the natural temperature. There can be no question that conditions such as here indicated vitiate all observations made in or near large cities with a view to the determination of any possible secular variation of the temperature.

No Fits There.

A middle-aged man with one shoulder an inch higher than the other, and having the worst pair of bowlegs seen to pass the City Hall since the corner-stone was laid, entered a clothing store on Michigan avenue yesterday forenoon in search of a fit. After he had tried on parts of thirty or forty different suits, he grew somewhat discouraged and said:

"Do you think you can fit me with anything in stock?"

"Well, I'll keep trying."

"I have already been here over two hours. Before wasting any more time let me say to you that if I had found a fit I was intending to ask you to trust me."

"And I was intending," replied the dealer, "to make you pay cash even before tying up the bundle."

"Then we hadn't better waste further time."

"I think not."

"Very well, sir. If there is anything I despise it is the dealer who consumes my valuable time. I didn't care to buy, anyhow, until the doctors could jack up my shoulder and take a half-twist on these legs."—*Detroit Free Press.*

George Alfred Townsend, says New York journalism, is going to seed.

The Troubles of a Boy.

Poor boy! Down to his grave he is self-willed, disobedient, foolish, slow to learn, hard to manage, born to evil and full of corrections as a proof sheet. He reaches in the fence corner for a blackberry and picks up a "pizen" vine, and so he learns too late that the mine he bought was "salted." He is spanked in the cradle, flogged at school and scourged all the rest of his life and still it seems to do him no good. He lives under an unchangeable law of pains and penalties. Incessantly his ears are boxed, to ever "thou shalt not" is appended a threatening "and if you do," and every thundering "thou shalt" is seconded by the terrifying "or you'll wish you had." Inexorable as the master of the school. He can appeal to no board of pardons. No tender-hearted governor, figuring for re-election, overlooks his misdeeds. The administration has no need of him or his influence. Do not keep such late hours, and do not eat hot suppers at midnight. But all the same he does keep late hours and have good time on the sly; poor boy, thinking that if he gets in at roll-call it will never be known. But as he answers to his name the order is entered: "Dock that man's life ten years." Take care of your teeth is a regulation of the school. But, while nobody is looking, the foolish boy lets his teeth take care of themselves. So he is sentenced to lose half his teeth and fined $150, to be paid over to the nearest dentist having jurisdiction. "Do not bite on that broken tooth," comes the command from the head of the table. But the boy tries it just to see what the master will do about it, and instantly he gets such a box on the jaw that makes him think he has bit on a thunderbolt. It is not a bailable offense, and execution of sentence cannot be postponed until next term of court. "Do not run through that wet grass in your slippers," is shouted to him from the up-stairs window. The instant the window is closed he skips across the lawn, knowing no one can see him, and for this he is collared and led into the house, doubled up with rheumatism for ten years, or perhaps tortured all the rest of his life. He plays lawn-tennis until he steams from every pore. Then he hastens to refresh himself with a glass of clear cold ice water. "If you drink that ice water," says his watchful master, "I will kill you." He believes no one could be so cruel as that, and drinks the ice water. Often the conditions are ripe for the judgment, and the sentence is carried into execution. Sometimes the execution of this sentence is preceded by hours or days of fearful agony, to teach him that these laws are not to be trifled with.—*Bulletin, in the Enquirer.*

Improving Farm Homes and Grounds.

The immediate surroundings of farmers' homes generally are far from being as attractive in appearance as they can easily be made. Indeed, the rural front yards are, as a rule, much less beautiful and interesting than those of people in the same general circumstances in towns and cities. In the latter, lawns are well cared for, and choice ornamental trees, shrubs and flowers, are much oftener met with than about country homes. There is no valid reason for this. Such embellishments are not more easily acquired in the city, but just the reverse. The farmer has teams, implements and manures for putting the house grounds in the best condition for ornamental treatment; labor is quite as cheap as in town, while sodding a lawn costs far less in the country. Trees and plants are as cheap to the farmer as to anyone, while in many places some of the best kinds for ornament can be had from the woods for the digging.

There may be points in which life on the farm lacks the attractions common to town life, but in charming home grounds the farmer is certainly to blame if the city dweller excels him. It is often wondered why country life has not charms sufficient to hold the boys to the farm, and that they grow up longing for the city. If more attention were given to making their home surroundings more cheerful and attractive for the sons and others of the family, there would be less heard of this trouble. And in all such work every proper effort is sure to be seconded by the wife; while nothing is more natural than for the children to be enthusiastic helpers in this work. Such improvements of course require some outlay, but this can hardly prove otherwise than a good investment. Every dollar judiciously spent in this way will soon be returned many fold in the increased valuation of any place should it be desirable to sell, to say nothing of the greater happiness and love of home that will thus be inspired.

Now that long evenings are at hand this subject should receive due consideration. Plans may be drawn up for an improved arrangement of walks, drives, flower beds, shrubbery, border and other matter. Every detail of these can be decided upon, and entered upon a map, long before winter is over, so that when spring opens the work can go on intelligently and to the best advantage. *Elias A. Long, Architect in American Agriculturist.*

The Helpless Girls.

A writer in *Harper's Magazine* says: No one will dispute the assertion that any given girl may some day have herself and her family to support, and yet our schemes of education for girls are framed precisely as if this was not and could not be true. As a rule, no provision is made for such a contingency in the education of girls; and no recognition is given to the fact that the chance exists. We shut our eyes to the danger; we hope that it will never come, and we put the thought of it away from us. In brief, we trust to luck, and that is a most unwise—I was about to say idiotic thing to do.

Each one of us has known women to whom the mischance has happened, and each one of us knows that it might happen to the daughter whom we tenderly cherish, yet we put no arms in her hands with which to fight this danger; we equip her for every need except the sorest of all needs; we leave her at the mercy of chance, knowing that the time may come when she whom we have never taught to do any bread-winning work will have need of bread, and will know no way in which to get it except through dependency, beggary or worse. She can teach? Yes, if she can find some politician to secure an appointment for her. She can prick back poverty with the point of a needle? Yes, at the rate of 75 cents a week, or, if she is a skillful needlewoman, at twice or thrice that pittance.

The girls of Hamburg, Germany, speaking of a young man whom they like, say, "He is a nice human being;" the girls of Berlin, "He is a fine man;" the beauties of Dresden, "He is a good little animal;" the ladies of Vienna, "He is a dear fool;" the Boston lassies, "He is a brick;" the girls of Cambridge, "He is fit for the annex."

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PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

JOHN G. THOMPSON attributes his eleat for Sergeant-at-Arms of the Iouse to the influence of the Standrd Oil Company, which he thinks is piring to the position of political ctator in Ohio, as well as in some her States.

MR. SAHIN, the new Chairman of e National Republican Committee, ed to chop wood and haul it to town $2 a cord. From this humble beinning in the timber business, he awled up until he is now a lumber ng worth millions.

THE Cleveland Leader says if some Henry B. Payne's opponents could eak themselves of the habit of look- at him through an oil barrel they uld be able to form a better conption of one of the ablest and most right Dnmocrats in Ohio.

COLONEL HOLLOWAY, a prominent diana Republican, said in New rk the other day that he had cansed four States on the Presidential estion and found that four-fifths of voting Republicans preferred lliam Tecumseh Sherman for leader 1884.

NORTH CAROLINA has opened an migration office in Broadway in the pe of diverting a part of the tide ving through the metropolis to the commonwealth so long famous for pentine, tar, and "poor white sh." The trouble down there is t the natives will not mix with the eigners when they do get them.

MARY CLEMMER complains of find- on entering the Capitol, that the utiful corridors, given to cleanlis and silence for nine months, had n seized by the Philistines, and beared and defiled by the tobacco wing politicians. During the sesns of Congress, she says, the inter- condition of the Capitol of the tion is a perpetual insult and grief every refined American. Moreor, she believes that the Huns of ila, when they swooped down from North, did not look half so dissi- ed as these men do.

s speaking of the death of Repretative Haskell, of Kansas, Judge ley said: "I have never felt so ttered by a death outside of my family as that of Haskell. It ns to be almost a vicarious sacri-. During the preparation and dision of the tariff bill last winter I ned to depend on him in my physi- suffering and weakness, and he er failed. He was nearly thirty s younger than I, a man of splenphysique, robust and full of ener- He has been taken, and I am " The "Father of the House" ke thus in a voice that trembled emotion.

N 1852 the district plan of electing gates was observed by the New k Democrats for the National vention at Baltimore. The party divided into two factions, the ds and Softs The latter capturtwo-thirds of the delegation, and . L. Marcy was their candidate, obtained 98 votes in the conven-, but being unable to get the nimous vote of the New York gation, was defeated and Franklin ce was nominated. The district of choosing delegates will be obed by the Republicans in the eng campaign and Arthur might do to take a hint from Marcy's exence.

So JOE BROWN," writes a Cleveland der correspondent, "is being deinated the slave gang Senator, be se he has a lot of penitentiary cons who work in his coal mines in rgia. They cost him less than a year apiece, and I warrant you have to work hard, for Brown was ght up to labor He was born in Pickens district of South Carolina y-two years ago, and when a boy to haul vegetables to the county and had a team with which he to plow the garden plots of the gers. He has a brother in South olina now who has a good plantaand is worth some money, but ing like that of Joe, who is worth, told, perhaps five millions, and s adding to his pile by compound rest."

r Mr. O'Hara, the colored Repreative in Congress from North olina, the Rochester Herald res that not long ago, in North Car, he had introduced to him two ly landed Hibernians who also the name of O'Hara Having im a vein of humor, and good ers of mimicry, he indulged in e fun at their expense. "Phwat Oi understand that yer names ght be, gentlemen?" he asked; Hara, is it? Not O'Hara av Kilnock?" "The same," replied they mazement; "an' who the devil are ?" "Oi'm yer kinsman, begorra," he; "an' be the same token the mat av this country has been bad me complexion, as ye may no——" The two "sons of the sod" e not been seen in North Carolina e.

THE NEW NORTHWEST.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

PORTLAND, OREGON, Dec 10, 1883.

He who supposes that this is the jumping off place of civilization can easily have that idea extinguished by just paying it a visit at any time of year. All is bustle, business, and baggage smashing, for the ocean steamers are continually arriving and unceasingly departing. Portland is the concentration of the trade from San Francisco, as well as Chicago, and at times has been presumptuous enough to say that she is in competition with Chicago for the San Francisco trade. But as Chicago has direct railroad communication with both cities, as well as with the rest of the world, she doesn't seem at all depressed at the thought of losing the bulk of this great Western traffic. The city lies on the Columbia river, near the mouth of the Willamette, and a mere handful of pig-headed property owners have succeeded in preventing the railroad from reaching the city proper, which is on one side of the river and the railroad terminus upon the other.

All the peculiar phases of Western life are on exhibition here, go where you will. The hotels are crowded with business men, with a plentiful sprinkling of loafers, and every last man of them with a nasty pipe in his mouth, to which he is more devoted, I dare say, than to any other members of his household. Although comparatively old, considered with the towns through which we have passed, Portland has no antiquated appearance. Her business blocks and her dwellings, and her churches and school houses, all look new and fresh, and her public buildings, court house, hall, etc., will compare very favorably in beauty of style and finish with those of our larger cities. Her streets are stone paved and were made to last, because the laborers who put them down were paid four dollars per day for doing their work well.

I meant to have told your readers in my last something about Dayton, one of the most flourishing and lively towns in the upper country, and destined to be the center of an immense trade. It has a delightful location on a plain with high bluffs upon either side, and substantial buildings are the rule. Half a dozen churches, good schools, and an opera house block demonstrate the enterprise of its people. There are two extensive flouring mills, a woolen mill, and numerous other industries to supply the demands of the thickly populated surrounding country. Seven miles from here, at the foot of the mountains, are to be seen the inscriptions of the names of several who accompanied Lewis and Clark in their expedition seventy-eight years ago. Of course seventy-eight years is a long time, but who of that devoted band of explorers could have dreamed that these mountain fastnesses and boundless prairies would even in that time be traversed by the iron horse, dragging after him the commerce of two continents, and the people from earth's remotest confines?

It was from here, too, that Lieutenant Rines and his thirteen comrades started, shortly before they were cruelly massacred by that ideal of the civilized Indian, Chief Joseph, of the Nez Perces, and his cut-throat tamed barbarians, and who, while their hand was in, proceeded to behead the wives and children of the settlers on the Cottonwood river. The people in the neighborhood of this carnival of blood never tire relating the incidents connected with it, and it is safe to say that the sentiment among the people here toward the red man is embodied in Logan's remark, that the best Indian is the dead Indian. Nevertheless, I am led to the belief that however weak and cowardly our Indian policy may hereafter become, we shall have no more extensive Indian raids or causeless massacres. The tribes have lost the power they once possessed by being harmonious in their onslaughts upon the settler and besides, the country is altogether too thickly populated to admit of their escape from the consequences of their work. The rate at which this settlement is now going forward will find a speedier solution of our much studied Indian problem than by all the theories advanced by all the philanthropisists of Christendom. There will be more to be said about Portland and her commercial status after I have seen more of it.

The Voice of the People. No family Dyes were ever so popular as the Diamond Dyes. They never fail. The Black is far superior to logwood the other colors are brilliant Wells Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

The only 25 cent bitters in the market, that have attained any reputation are Baxter's Mandrake. Sold by McNaughton & Co.

To Save the Western Land.

The absorption of vast tracts of land in this country by the subjects of other governments is likely to receive some attention from Congress. Among the alien owners of land in the United States is the Earl of Dunraven, who has sixty thousand acres in Colorado. The Earl of Dunmore has one hundred thousand acres, and a Scotch company at Dundee, fifty thousand acres in the same State. The Danish Vice Consul owns fifty thousand acres in Minnesota. A London company has one hundred and thirty thousand acres in Mississippi. Another English company has seven hundred thousand acres in the Yazoo Delta and three millions in Texas. One hundred thousand acres are owned in Arkansas by one Benjamin Newgas, of Liverpool, England. These are only a few sample cases, but they serve to show the extent to which aliens are carrying their land purchases in this country. Representative Hopkins, of Pennsylvania, has been examining this wholesale acquisition of lands by alien purchasers, and has prepared a bill to place a check upon the business. In the case of aliens he proposes to limit the ownership to one thousand acres. This, however, is not intended to apply to foreigners who make declaration of an intention to become American citizens. If aliens acquire more than a thousand acres the bill prevents them from holding the excess more than two years. The penalty of violating the proposed act is forfeiture of title and reversion of the land to the United States. The bill provides that all associations and corporations formed under the laws of foreign governments shall be treated as aliens.

At the present rate of progress it will take comparatively few years for the new country to be absorbed by a lot of absentee owners who will repeat in our country the unhappy land system of Ireland.

But the acquiring of large bodies of land by foreigners is not the only danger. Of almost equally threatening complexion is the formation of immense estates under the ownership of Eastern capitalists. The Government can not afford to stand idly by and allow such a vicious land system to be perpetuated. The West must be built up by a population of small farmers who own their land, and the rise of a system of landlordism must be summarily prevented.

Only one criticism can be made upon Mr. Hopkin's bill, and that is that it does not cover the full ground. Let the purchases of public lands by American capitalists also be restricted. Such a measure will meet with public approval and secure the best interests of the Nation.

Letter from Iowa.

IOWA FALLS, HARDIN CO., Dec. 16.

To the Editor of THE AGE:—In looking over THE AGE I notice several letters written by Mr. Powell, wherein he states that Jefferson and Wayne counties are failures as wheat growing counties and that they have hardpan under the surface. He is mistaken. I presume it is true, as Mr. Powell states, for those two counties are so near a country which God in his loveliness has refused to smile upon, but we must not compare the great state of Iowa to Wayne county, that comes so near being in Missouri. Hardin, and Grundy, counties. This season we produced from fifteen to twenty five bushels of wheat per acre, of good quality. The soil is from two to four feet deep, and will produce corn, potatoes, and all kind of grasses, second to no State in the Union.

Iowa Falls is situate on the Iowa river, one hundred and fifty miles west of Dubuque; has about twenty-five hundred inhabitants. The river is a beautiful stream. There is considerable timber along the river. We have at this writing, a tribe of Indians hunting and fishing along the river. They are from a reservation in Tama county. They are clothed in Government clothes. O, noble red man, how long will this Nation keep you in idleness? The young man whose horse fell, as was stated in the Bedford letter, I hope has recovered, and that he will call his boy Jo. Hooker.

C. H. J.

LAST week at Paola, Kansas, a young man named Orr murdered an old blind man and his wife, aggravating the crime by robbing the house. They seldom hang anybody in Kansas, much less could they hang this youth, who pleads self-defence. In the first place he asserts that his first victim, who was old, infirm and totally blind, attacked him with a club and that he was forced to kill him to preserve his own life. Then the feeble old woman assaulted him, and self-protection compelled him to slay her and leave her bleeding body beside that of her husband. He then proceeded to rob the premises, also in self-defense. Hanging is altogether too good for this blood-thirsty young scamp.

Will the Colonies Desert the Mother Country?

It is only a question of time as to when the English-speaking colonies of Great Britain will declare themselves independent of the crown. While Canada still remains loyal to the home government there is a growing feeling among the people favorable to absolute independence. It is true that the Canadians are left to largely manage their own affairs, but still they wear the badge of servitude. They are permitted to elect their own Parliament, but the executive head of the country is the appointee and representative of the Queen's government. With its four or five millions of people Canada has a capacity for self government quite as great as that possessed by the American colonies when they proclaimed their independence. In fact the people of the Dominion are better prepared to dispence with the guardianship of the mother country than were the American colonists. They already possess the machinery necessary to a permanent government; are free in their legislation and have no special interests in common with England. On the other hand it would be quite as much to the interest of Great Britain to let Canada go as to keep up the present semblance of authority. That the time is close at hand when the Canadian Confederation will form an independent nation, can scarcely be questioned. Englishmen, like their cousins of the United States, love the largest degree of liberty, and this is destined, in the course of time, to strip the British crown of its English speaking possessions. Just what is likely to take place in case of the Confederate Dominion is equally liable to occur in connection with the South Sea colonies of Great Britain. The recent action of these colonies foreshadows the coming of a great Australian Empire. During the present month delegates from Western and Southern Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, New Zealand, Queensland, and Tasmania assembled at Sydney, New South Wales, to consider a proposition of annexing the New Hebrides, New Guinea, and the South Sea Islands to Australia.

The total population of the several colonies is 3,038,000, and the total revenue derived for England's benefit, is $106,250,000. Aside from this evidence of discontent, the turbulent condition of the people of Manitoba, clearly demonstrates that England is "loosing her grip," and before many years will be shorn of her power. But anything that tends to make the people of the earth more free can only be applauded by those who are now free, let England view it as she may.

One Phase of Office Seeking.

The Washington Post gives the experience of a modern office-seeker as follows:

"My name is John Ashford. I hail from Kentucky, and when I struck Washington, some years ago, I wore a plug hat and spike-tailed coat like my old friend, the late Senator Bogy, and I was well fixed with money. I kept a store before I came here, near Lexington. I had a number of friends, and acting on their advice I went into politics. There's the whole secret of my downfall. My first false step was to sell out my business, come to Washington and set up for a postmastership. The Congressional delegation from my State, Democrats and Republicans, welcomed me cordially, and everything looked lovely, until I began to touch the bottom of my purse. I had lots of promises of positions in the meantime, my friends in Congress could not make me a postmaster, but were certain that they could secure me a clerkship, and so things went along, I spending my money and hoping, until my last cent was gone and I became involved in debt for board and other things. In that desperate strait I went to Senator Bogy, whom I had met frequently, and he said to me: 'What position do you want?' I replied that I would like anything. The next day he had me appointed a laborer in this bureau, and they set me to wheeling rags, which interesting exercise I have been engaged in almost every day since. I have made one or two efforts to better my condition, but being only a laborer, now, my former so-called friends cannot spare the time to do anything for me." Then rising and clutching the handles of his wheelbarrow, he moved on, adding as he nodded "good-day," "As I said before young man, this is hell. Don't you ever set up for an office-seeker."

It is a fact, that Downs Elixer is the oldest, as well as the best cough remedy known. Sold by McNaughton, & Co.

Epilepsy of 9 Years.

"I thank the giver of all good gifts," writes J. N. Marshall, of Newton Co., Mo., "for giving me Samaritan Nervine. It cured my daughter's epileptic fits, of 9 years standing." Get at druggists. $1.50.

Pensioners.

The United States Government can not do too much for its brave defenders in time of war. Every man who took his life in his hand, left home and prospects for the future, and went forth to do and to die, if necessary, that his country might live, should receive substantial recognition from the Government; but frauds who prey upon the generosity of the Nation, should be weeded out. Commissioner of Pensions Dudley in conversation with a reporter a few days ago, said that the number of applications for pensions now are not very great, and many that are received are without credit, as this for instance:

"I got a letter from a man at Buffalo to-day that shows the character of applications that we generally receive now," continued the Commissioner. "This fellow at Buffalo says that he contracted rheumatism in the line of service, and his papers show that he was enlisted in March and mustered out in June, and never left Buffalo at all during enlistment. Think of a man contracting rheumatism in the line of duty in less than ninety days and at home!" Continuing, the Commissioner related some curious phases of the pension department. Here is one: "Most all of the old cases that were rejected are being picked out, where new evidence can be gotton, and are coming before us. They invoke some knotty questions of law. But a strange case came to me from Columbus, Ohio, to-day. I can not give the man's name. He wrote to me: "Drop my name from the pension rolls and set opposite it, 'Cured by faith in the Lord.'"

The man's name will be dropped from the rolls.

A Kentucky Gentleman, Sah.

Mr. Tom Bufford, the choleric Kentucky gentleman who murdered Judge Elliott, has returned to his native heath after a short stay in Indiana, and the Judges of the Kentucky Court of Appeals are regretting that they havn't heavier life insurance policies. For Tom is as irascible as ever, and it is understood that he intends to visit Frankfort as soon as he conveniently can, and to destroy one or two of the Judges whom he doesn't agree with. It is said that Tom will be arrested as a lunatic, and it is also said that he may be the centre of interest at a lynching party, but he is a lively fellow and may make a few vacancies in the Court of Appeals before he is arrested or suspended. Some narrow-minded people assert that Tom ought to have been hanged by process of law for the murder of Judge Elliott, but they don't understand Tom's case. Like almost all Kentuckians, he belongs to "an old family," and his little feats with a rifle are excusable. Besides, he has a rich sense of humor. It is said that before his trouble with Judge Elliott, Tom shot a gentleman whom he didn't like, and, sa a matter of form, was tried for murder. He was acquitted, of course, and immedeately began to hunt his lawyer with a shot-gun. His lawyer had insulted him by entering a plea of insanity.

The Secession Cry in Manitoba.

The restlessness of the people of Manitoba, under British rule, still continues. A large meeting was held at Winnipeg last Thursday, and the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Present and future prosperity depends upon agriculture, and considering that embarrassing restriction is placed upon the efforts of settlers to improve their condition, such as an oppressive duty upon agricultural implements, monopoly of the carrying trade enjoyed by the Canadian Pacific Railway, improper administration of public lands.

Resolved, That this association demand right of local government to charter a railway in Manitoba; absolute control of public lands, including school lands; compensation for public lands sold and used for federal purposes, duty on agricultural implements and building material be removed; customs tariff on articles of daily consumption greatly modified; duty of provincial Government to make such amendments to the municipal act as will empower municipal councils to build elevators, grain warehouses, mills, and to appoint grain inspectors. This convention is unanimously of the opinion that the Hudson Bay Railroad should be constructed with the least possible delay.

The resolutions brought forth spirited discussion, and by many of the leading citizens secession was openly advocated.

Anam's Wealth.

The little kingdom of Anam, for the possession of which France has determined to make a vigorous struggle, is rich in agricultural and mineral resources. Recent investigation led to the discovery that "the coal deposits exceed anything in the world." Of course China knows the value of Anam, and if the French win the prize it will be by wager of battle. Yielding to the invaders without an attempt to beat them back, would advertise China as a nation of blockheads.

A Story By Beecher.

Two ministers, one a Bishop, were riding together in the West, and among other things, facility in preaching from a text off hand was a subject of conversation, and they finally agreed to try each other; and so, as the young man was to preach first, the Bishop would not give him the text until after the preliminary services were all over, and then he gave him the text: "And the ass opened his mouth" [Laughter.] The young man looked at it a moment, and proceeded to say that all things in this world were made to praise God—even the lowest and the least; the birds and the worms and fishes and animals, and even the humblest of God's creatures; all were made use of in the scheme of a Divine Providence. So it was amongst men; the lowest and the poorest had something that God had enabled him to do. And the young man made a very nice sermon of it, and got off by the skin of his teeth. [Laughter.] The next appointment the Bishop was to try the ordeal, and he tried to get from the young man some inkling of what he was going to give him. Not a word. But when he came to the pulpit and the preliminary service was over, the young man gave a part of the text, "Am I not thine ass?" [Laughter.] The Bishop looked at it and it didn't say anything to him. [Laughter.] "My brethern," he said, "I am to preach from the text: 'Am I not thine ass?' We see, brethren—we see—'am I not thine ass?' [Laughter.] Brethren—'Am I not thine ass?'"—and, turning to his young help-meet, he says: "Yes, I think I am, brother!" [Great laughter.]

Something for Nothing.

An interesting discussion in the North American Review is devoted to free railroad passes, particularly in their bearing on public officers. Judge N. M. Hubbard sees no wrong in it because neither legislators nor judges show any bias in favor of railroad companies.

If it is not expected that these public servants will reciprocate the favor why are passes given to them more than to other people—the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker? But is untrue that they are without effect. Whoever has had opportunity and inclination to observe closely a legislative body knows that the past has had its influence. Legislators with passes in their pockets do, or refrain from doing, certain things as they would be pleasing or displeasing to the benefactor.

When a railroad company revokes a pass because the holder has forgotten his obligations, it is a fair inference that the pass was given for business purposes and nor purely as a pretty compliment. For a judge to hold a pass is an indecency indescribable. But judges do it, and it sometimes happens that the judge elect receives his railroad pass before he gets his certificate of election. This is what the law ought to put a stop to and it can.

Complied With the Demand.

"Paint it yourself then," was the answer Supervisor Moses Taylor, of Unionville, near New York City, always returned when his aristocratic neighbors besought him to ornament his barn. They consulted together and decided to do it. A few nights ago they met at the barn with paints, painters and ladders—some with blue paint, some with red, pink, green, etc. In an hour that Barn was a sight to behold and in the centre of the big doors was the legend, "Paint it yourself Then!"

SAYS the State Journal: The meeting of the State Forestry association in this city January 14, 15 and 16 will take place at a time opportune for giving the Legislature some valuable suggestions as to the preservation and culture of forest trees. This is a subject the importance of which increases from year to year. An immense amount of valuable timber is going to waste in Ohio, and it is high time that something additional were done to put a stop to the reckless and useless destruction of trees, as well as to encourage, if not enforce, periodical tree planting. The last meeting of the association arrived at no definite result. It is to be hoped that the meeting may bring forth measures of practical value.

Living a New Life.

Rheumatism loves to riot in a body weighted with years. Until the discovery of ATHLOPHOROS there was but little hopes for the aged who were victims of the disease. But now Mr. Wesley Iliff, Cederville, Ohio, writes: "Took ATHLOPHOROS as directed and find I am well of Rheumatism. I am 65 years old and was getting stiff in my joints and limbs. Now I am as clear of stiffness as I ever was in my life. Consider ATHLOPHOROS the greatest and best medicine I ever heard of.

Show no Favors.

The silver mining industry, which Congress benevolently encourages by monthly purchases of bullion, has been the means of creating various mushroom cities and towns in Colorado and Nevada, which, as soon as the lodes were exhausted, fell into decay and abandonment. The same has been the case in California, a State in which gold and silver, once the leading staples, are not nearly so important now as the annual product of wheat, fruit and wine. The coal and iron mines of Ohio embrace larger possibilities of real wealth and prosperity, than all the silver and gold deposits of the Rocky mountain region. The communities which derive their existence and well being from the production of coal and iron are not short lived. They grow and prosper long after the balloon towns of the bonanza region have collapsed and been forgotton. But Congress allows no purchases of coal or iron, by way of encouraging their production. It devotes $2,000,000 a month to the purchase of silver bullion, of which the Government has already more than it knows what to do with, while the really valuable and indispensable industries, which support a thousand times as many workmen as silver mining does, enjoy no such partiality. Nor is it proper that they should. The proper thing to do is to place silver mining upon the same basis as iron and coal mining, and let it take care of itself.

Fighting in Tonquin

The fighting in Tonquin has been resumed after a long period of military inaction and diplomatic chatter. The French forces in making an aggressive movement from Ha-Noi had to choose between attacking Sontay, the headquarters of the Black Flags, or marching directly toward the Chinese frontiers and investing Bac-Ninh. Each town was strongly fortified and was surrounded by low and swampy ground nearly impracticable for siege guns. Sontay, however, could be approached by water, and on this account if there had not been a weightier reason, would have been selected as the first objective point. The French are reported to have captured the principal out posts, the enemy offering a stubborn resistance and retiring to the citadel. The losses of the assailants are the heaviest yet sustained in the Tonquin campaign, and indicate that the Black Flags are fighting with determination and valor. The capture of the citadel will open the river as far as Hung Hon, where the Black Flags may be expected to make another stand.

Irish Americans and Dynamitors.

It is little satisfaction that the Irish-American mischief-makers have been able to get out of the O'Donnell incident. General Prior, whom they sent to England to defend the slayer of Carey, gained them no glory, nor were they able to make capital out of any affronts offered to him. Their representative was not affronted. He was merely suppressed, and not by the Court, but by O'Donnell's own counsel. Now the same distinguished counsel have informed the officious friends of O'Donnell that the underground railway outrages, and the approval of them by the Irish-American press, caused a great change of public sentiment in England against their client, and helped to hang him. Possibly this unpleasant frankness, and the conviction of the Glasgow dynamiteurs Friday, five of whom were sentenced to penal servitude for life, and five for seven years, will have a discouraging effect upon the Irish patriots in America—for a day or two.

Women Taxpayers Not Inhabitants.

A call was issued some time ago in the village of Lansingburg, New York, stating that all "taxable inhabitants" were requested to vote on the question of the introduction of a waterworks. Two of the ladies of the village, knowing they were taxpayers; and presuming they were "inhabitants," offered their votes as such, but the Inspectors and Board of Trustees refused to receive them As a waterworks is as important to a woman in her sphere of the kitchen as anywhere, these taxpayers, Mrs Mary Welch and Mrs Caroline Rogers, thought they should be entitled to a voice in its establishment. And now they want the courts to decide what women are anyway. The New York Supreme Court has not decided they are "persons," but they thought they might possibly be "taxable inhabitants." It is certain they are taxpayers, but it seems that under the law they are not inhabitants.

Profits of the Suez Canal an Incentive for the Panama Project.

After all, the main cause of the wonderful ease with which De Lesseps has secured enormous sums of money for his Panama Canal project is undoubtedly the magnificent profits of the Suez Canal. No estimates now made regarding the cost and unprofitableness of the Panama enterprise are more glowing than the learned predictions concerning the future of the Egyptian canal which were so common a few years ago, and this year, in spite of the troubles in Egypt and the general business depression, a dividend of 18 per cent. will be paid on Suez Canal shares. As this is at least four times the average earning of capital in Europe, and as the increase of commerce is pretty certain to make the profits grow larger and larger, it is easy to see why so many thousand investors have full faith that the Panama Canal will prove another De Lesseps bonanza.

Croquet and Murder.

A few years ago, when croquet was all the rage, ill natured persons often called the attention of the disinclination of husbands and wives to play in the same game, particularly if there were no other participants. The explanations were as ugly as the statement. One was that croquet brought people together, which was just what most husbands and wives did not like; another was that players nearly always quarreled over croquet, whereas married people always had as many subjects of disagreement as they needed. A recent criminal trial in New Jersey gave an extreme illustration of the undesirability of croquet between married people, for it reminded newspaper readers that the prisoner is said to have kicked his wife so severely in a quarrel over a game of croquet that the lady died. Such sport may amuse some men, but it does not stimulate women's interest in the game.

THE State Grange, at its recent meeting at Springfield, passed resolutions denouncing monopolies, declaring in favor of governmental control of the inter commerce of the country, endorsing the State University, declaring in favor of a restoration of the tariff on wool, and asking a re-submission of the Second Amendment. Whatever may be the sentiment of the cities, however lethargic upon live and moral questions their populace may be, it can always be counted upon that the rural population are correct in their sentiment and live and energetic in its expression and the advocacy of what they believe.

A Hint for Persons Contemplating Bankruptcy.

In the tin box of a gentleman recently deceased, the executors found $10,000 bonds of a certain southern railway, dated long before the war.

The bonds were forwarded to a well known Wall street banker to dispose of. As the bonds were not listed on the New York Stock Exchange, they were turned over to a broker in unlisted securities. This broker's experiences were remarkable and unique. In his efforts to make a sale he stumbled over an Israelite. The latter said:

"I cannot buy $10,000 of those bonds. You gather $100,000 of them and we will talk business. They are worthless, and $100,000 will not cost more than $10,000."

"But why do you insist upon $100,000?" asked the innocent and surprised broker.

"Because," returned the Israelite, "I can sell $100,000 bonds easier than I can sell $10,000. If you was going to fail, and knew your creditors were disposed to be unfriendly and disagreeable, how delightful it would be to pull down your tin box and haul out $100,000 of these bonds. 'Gentlemen,' you say to your creditors, 'these represented good money once, dollar for dollar; but alas for the south and its repudiation.' There you are. What are they going to do about it?"

In conversation with the broker our reporter was assured that hundreds of thousands of these worthless and repudiated southern bonds had been bought from estates by dishonest bankrupts, and turned in as assets to deceive and swindle creditors.—*N. Y. Cons. Advr.*

How She Reformed Him.

A well-known Santa Fe business man had a fine business and was making money rapidly, but was an inveterate gambler. Every night would find him away from his wife at the faro table. The quick-witted woman saw where the trouble was, and one night after supper she asked her husband to go with her into another room. There was a faro table, a layout, and stacks of chips.

"Now," said she, "I have $10,000 belonging to me in my own right. When you want to gamble come here."

He was thunderstruck, and swore he would never gamble again.

"No," said she, "I don't want that promise. You can afford to lose very little money. What I have you can win. I want you to promise me that you will never play faro except here."

He promised; and that faro layout has been used for the last five months. With what she has won from him, dealing herself, she has paid $450 for a buggy and built a pretty little cottage which cost a little over $1,000.

"I told her to put the whole arrangement in her trunk last week," said the reclaimed gambler, "that I was tired of gambling. I shall never touch another card."

The correspondent happened to look into a gambling room the other night, a few hours after he had heard this story. There was a big game of faro going on, and at one corner of the table, his face flushed with the gambling excitement, betting his chips and losing steadily, sat the man whom his wife thought she had reformed.—*Albuquerque Journal.*

Pope Leo XIII., now seventy-four, is tall, thin and bony. He wears his age well, and walks very erect. He rises early, devoting his first hours to prayer, saying mass at 6 o'clock, and at 8 o'clock eating breakfast while he looks over his letters. He is a man of business methods who enjoys the reputation of never saying or doing a foolish thing.

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This paper will not be sent to subscribers outside of the county unless paid for in advance.

A New Serial.

Next week we will commence the publication of an entrancingly fascinating serial story, entitled

MAD CAP;

Or

The Story of a Sin.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

The style is excellent and the plot such that all, both old and young, will be interested in the unraveling thereof. It will run through ten or twelve, or perhaps more issues of THE AGE, and will be just such reading as all desire for these long winter nights. Tell your neighbors of this rich treat and ask them to send for a sample copy, which will be sent upon postal card request. A number of extra copies of the issues containing the first installments will be presented, that all may be supplied.

In addition to this feature, THE AGE during the month will contain more reading matter than all the other Coshocton papers combined, and will present a variety that will be as wonderful as it is entertaining and instructive.

"TURN the rascals out," as vociferously demanded by the Democrats a few months ago, has been changed to the plaintive cry, "Say, please, won't you let us rascals in?"

O'DONNELL was hung on Monday for the killing of Carey, the informer. Had he been given a fair trial he would never have hung. A dude President and a week-kneed administration at Washington were too timid to see that O'Donnell—an American citizen—should be given the protection which he was entitled to.—Champaign Democrat.

The editor of the Democrat has become so accustomed to defending political murder in the South that it requires no effort to defend similar acts by a foreigner in a foreign land; but he who defends crime is meaner than the criminal. O'Donnell had a fair trial and got his just deserts, and it was none of the United State's business, anyway.

COLORED schools in the South have pupils whose ages range from 8 to 50 years. This at first looks ridiculous, and many might be induced to doubt it, but the fact that members of the colored race, whose early life was passed in bondage, are, now as they are traveling the downward slope, possessed of sufficient moral stamina to attempt to secure at least the rudiments of an education, speaks well for the intelligence of the people as a whole. That "it is never too late to learn" is an old and true adage. Charlemaigne, the one name in the history of France that stands forth pre-eminently as the father of learning and literature, did not learn to read and write until long after he had reached man's estate; and what Charlemagne in the tenth century accomplished can well be imitated by the benighted and unfortunate colored people of the sunny South in the nineteenth.

Congress.

Congress adjourned Monday until after the holidays. Before so doing Speaker Carlisle announced his committees, and thereby some members went home to eat Christmas turkey feeling glad, and others muttering curses both loud and deep.

The most important committee, so far as the future political affairs are concerned, is that upon Ways and Means, and is composed as follows:

Morrison, Mills, Blount, Blackburn, Hewitt of New York, Herbert, Hurd, Jones, of Arkansas, Kelley, Kasson, of Iowa, McKinley, of Ohio, Hiscock, of New York, Russell.

The Democratic members of the committee, the first eight, are pronounced revenue or tariff reformers, with the exception of Hurd, who is an out and out free trader and now has a bill pending to place wool on the free list. The Republican members are protectionists, but will have little voice in the shaping of legislation.

Of the other committees Ohio gets three chairmanships. Geddes, of War Claims; Warner, of payment of pensions, bounty and back pay, and on alcoholic liquors, Hill. Representative Wilkins is on the committees on Banking and Currency, and Expenditures of Public Buildings.

Return Mr. Pendleton.

The Democratic coborts are all torn up. Previous to election when a jug was on tap, Gambrinus let his beaming countenance shine upon them, and spoils were seen through the saloon-laden mists ahead, all was harmony, and their ways were ways of pleasantness and all their paths were peace; but so soon as the debris of the campaign debauch was cleared away and out of the jumble of corruptness and duplicity and double dealing, victory was found to have perched upon their banner, which had been trailing in the dust ever since the Southern wing of the same party had fired upon Fort Sumpter, the leaders and the followers, the autocrats and the rag tag and bobtail commenced a scramble that has never been excelled in the history of political parties in this or any other State.

From spittoon cleaner in the State House, to Senator the disgraceful affair has went on, until respectable people, the State over, have become so heartily disgusted as to forever more "swear off" on the support of a party that lives and has its existence solely for spoils.

The evidence of this is more forcibly demonstrated in the contest for the Senatorship.

By precedent, Senator Pendleton is entitled to a re-election; and if the expressision of Democrats in convention assembled is to be interpreted as meaning what has been expressed, then he should be returned without a dissenting vote.

One of the things demanded by the Democratic National Convention in 1880 was

"A general and thorough reform of the Civil Service."

The Ohio Democrats in convention in 1881 declared

"That we are in favor of a civil service reform whereby offices shall be held to be a public trust to be administered for the public good, not spoils to be enjoyed as a reward of partisan zeal or service."

And in 1883 they said

"We reaffirm the resolutions of the State Conventions of Ohio in 1880, 1881 and 1882, and of the Democratic National Conventions of 1872 1876 and 1880, demanding a thorough reform and purification of the civil service."

Does not a fair interpretation of the resolutions mean simply an honest fulfillment of the duties of the various offices of the National Government without regard to party?

Well, in accordance with the oft-expressed desire of the Nation and of his own State, Senator Pendleton framed a bill providing for the things demanded, and by aid of a few Democrats and nearly all the Republicans, it became a law, and for this the Bargar and O'Myers stripe of huxtering and trading politicians, whose sole political ambition is spoils, propose to defeat Mr. Pendleton for re-election, and send instead Henry B. Payne, a representative of the Standard Oil monopoly, and a man whose senility is only excelled by the plethoric condition of his pocket-book, which is, no doubt, the most potent influence at work with the stripe of corruptionists who are managing his campaign.

Aside from the demand for a rebuke of the dishonorableness of those Democratic politicians who professed to be friendly to Mr. Pendleton during the campaign, but were in reality stabbing him in the back, the interests of the people and the credit of the State demand that Mr. Pendleton be returned; and if the Republican members of the Legislature consult the welfare of the State instead of their political prejudices, the desired result can be accomplished.

It is a foregone conclusion that the Senator must be a Democrat. The casting of the Republican vote for a member of their own party is an empty honor. The State's interests are at stake, and the Democratic majority proposes if possible to do that which will not only be a detriment, but a lasting disgrace. Therefore, the duty of the Republican members is to cast their votes for Senator for Mr. Pendleton, which, with his Democratic friends will secure his return.

The Democratic corruptionists, of whom our own Mr. Bargar is a fair representative, will, no doubt, be displeased, but the mass of the people—the Democrats, we mean, who have for several successive years endorsed the very idea as expressed in Mr. Pendleton's bill, now a law, can not help but be pleased.

This would be civil service reform pure and simple.

FRANK HURD is the most honest Democrat in Ohio—at least of those in public life. He is an out and out free trader, wants wool on the free list, and will not dodge or lie to please the would-be bosses, who are trembling in their boots for fear their duplicity to the wool growers in the last campaign will be exposed.

About Temperance in Congress, in Ohio, and at Home.

An effort was made by the Committee upon Rules of the House of Congress to omit the Committee upon alcoholic liquors, but there were members there, from both parties, who were opposed to it, and Vance, of North Carolina, made a ringing speech, in which he favored the appointment of the committee, and claimed that the temperance people had as much right to be represented by a committee as any other interest. The motion to retain the committee was adopted by a vote of 143 to 88.

This is in response to the healthy temperance sentiment of the country, and the urgent appeals made to individual members and to the House as as a body, by the women of the country. It begins to be evident that it will not be many years until the temperance question will find place in the National campaign.

In this connection an article in the current number of the North American Review, by Senator Blaire, of New Hampshire, is of interest. Here are a few sentences:

"There is a broad and general movement among the masses of the American people, which, in my belief, will not cease until the traffic in intoxicating liquors is prohibited by both State and National law."

"Nothing in our peaceable history has paralleled the conflict that is now upon us."

"We find the exertion of our utmost powers indispensable if we would save the Union from an evil which, if not arrested, will destroy all the flower and fruitage of our National life."

"There is not a single State of the American Union to-day in which the people do not as a whole believe the liquor question to be the most important one which politically concerns the public weal."

"It is very evident that a vast mass of the voters of the country are prepared to break from old affiliations unless they find within the organizations to which they now belong an honest purpose to prohibit the traffic in alcohol in both State and National law."

"The nominees of no party will receive their support in the next Presidential campaign which does not explicitly pledge itself to submit by Congressional action a prohibitory amendment to the people, in the ordinary method of amending the Constitution."

"The Republican party will not sit on the fence much longer. The masses of the people in it, and a very large majority of the virtue, intelligence and wisdom of that party believe in the prohibition of the liquor traffic."

Senator Blaire is one of the most ultra temperance men in the country, and while he is able in legislative halls, and ranks high in intellectual ability, there is a possibility of his better judgment having been directed from the path of correctness by his fervor for the cause in which he interested.

But, be this as it may, the better sense of all moral people is that the temperance question is one that has come to stay, and while it gives nightmare to aspiring and cringing politicians, the people at large will only be satisfied with a thorough and effective discussion out of which the proper solution will be evolved.

In Ohio we have a law that is proving more effectual than any ever heretofore on the statute books, in communities where it is enforced; and for that reason it should have the moral support of the temperance people of the State.

One of the mistakes made by many of the advocates of the second amendment, during the recent campaign, was the attacks made upon the Scott law. They were honest in those attacks, no doubt, but they were not politic, because by thus attacking a law that a large part of the Republicans of the State, at least, endorsed, they alienated men who would otherwise have voted for the amendment and thus have secured its adoption.

Having been defeated in their desire, however, and it being an impossibility to secure the submission of another before 1886, the duty of all earnest temperance people is to support the Scott law, and aid in the formation of a public sentiment that will make it as oppressive to the liquor dealers and saloonists in all parts of the State, as it is in Guernsey county.

Coshocton county having given nearly 400 majority for the second amendment, there is evidence thus furnished that the sentiment is such that with proper cultivation, the saloons can be made to tremble and finally succumb.

Let the ministers of the gospel and the leaders of the prohibition movement put their shoulder to the wheel, and with united effort, see that the laws we now have are enforced. This is the only thing open for them, and the sooner they commence, the better for the cause. Daily not in waiting for prohibition by amending the Constitution, but secure it, or as near thereto as possible, with the means at hand.

Cultivate Fraternal Feelings.

The Zanesville Signal is not pleased because THE AGE said something about the solid South in connection with the organization of the House; but then THE AGE is not to blame, because the adherents of Mr. Randall were the first to use the argument against Carlisle, and then when they went to the South to fill all the other offices, except one, of course the people could not help noticing what Mr. Randall and his friends were so ready to point out. Speaking of THE AGE the Signal says:

But no sympathy can he obtain from Democrats. He must grin and bear it, or, over the downfall of his beloved party, weep, pine away and fill an early grave.

That is a very good statement from a Democratic stand point, and is also very good slush. THE AGE, with all good citizens, deprecates the sectionalism that is cultivated by the Democratic party, North and South, and longs to see the day when we will be one people in sentiment, as we are in Government; but the use of the shot gun in elections, and the endorsement of the same by the Democratic press and politicians is not the way to secure it.

Van Laun in his history of French literature says:

"It is, at most the marriage of the North and the South to which we owe the fertility of modern thought; and in that marriage the South, with her rich apparel and dowry of lettered grace was the bride, whilst the virile intellect and reproductive energy of the North was necessary to bring to birth the stupendous issue of their union." What is true of the intellectual development of France may be made true of the commercial and political development of the United States, and the sooner the fair fields of the sunny South are thrown open free and unprejudiced to the sturdy yeomen and capitalists of the North, the better will it be for the Nation. This can be accomplished by the maintenance of a free ballot and a fair count. Does the Signal approve of this?

Can Such Things Be?

From the Columbus Times (Dem.)

Mr. G. H. Bargar is posing between the Adjutant Generalcy and the Speakership, the latter of which prizes the Standard Oil syndicate seeks to convince him is in its control. There is no question about Mr. Bargar's candidacy for the Speakership. We are not a prophet, but will venture the prediction that he cannot be elected Speaker. The opponent who is open and avowed in his enmity is to be admired in contrast with an Italian who is only gammon in front, and uses a stiletto in the back.

Comforting the Wool Grower.

Henry Watterson in Courier Journal: "The Democrat who is not a free trader should go elsewhere. He should join the Republicans. The Democratic party will make a free trade fight in 1884. Democrats who can't go it had better pack up and get out."

Our Little Men and Women.

The title of the magazine from which this delightful book borrows its name, is happily chosen, and is suggestive of what may be expected of boys and girls who are so fortunate as to be supplied with the kind of reading here afforded. The inculcation of manly and womanly qualities and virtues cannot commence too early; and to make little men and women of the young people in our households, need not take from them any whit of that which makes childhood the delightful thing it is.

The provision of choice literature for children is a matter to which D. Lothrop & Co. have given the best energies of a successful business career, and they can point with honorable pride to the results of their work, as seen in the world wide circulation of books and magazines, representing the best work of authors, artists, printers and binders, designed especially for the benefit of the young.

D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, 30 & 32 Franklin St., Boston.

One Thousand and one Riddles.

We have just received a handsome little book with the above title, which contains the material for much fun and home amusement in the way of Riddles, Conundrums, Enigmas, and Hints for Acting Charades. If parents desire to have their children amused, and also amuse themselves, they cannot do better than to send for this book. It contains 128 pages, with enameled paper cover, and will be sent by mail, postpaid, to any address, upon receipt of 15 cents, by J. S. OGILVIE & Co., Publishers, 31 Rose Street, New York.

IT is related by an exchange that a Belmont county preacher prayed that those who attended a dance in a neighborhood should be disconcerted, their enjoyment spoiled, and the dancers be brought to see the errors of their ways. They had a fight at the close of the dance; and a horse reared back and fell upon a buggy he was drawing, nearly killing its occupants.

JULIEN DRAKE wanted to marry Annie Randal at Harmar, and Annie was willing, but the boy was only 18 and the law said nay. But Julien appeared before the Probate Judge, swore he was 21, paid the license and the knot was tied; but their pleasure has been somewhat marred by Julien having been arrested for perjury.

LETTER FROM COLUMBUS

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Dec. 24th, 1883.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL YOUR READERS.

This is the season of good wishes; before this reaches your readers Christmas will have passed, but none the less do we wish them all many happy returns of the day and all the compliments of the season. The Democratic contests will now begin, preparatory to the opening of the circus. The holidays will be restless ones for the Bourbons. Hon. George L. Converse, one of the candidates for U. S. Senator, arrived home from Washington, Saturday. It is well to add in this connection that he has not only made a record for himself as an able and efficient statesman, but he has been exceedingly faithful to his constituents at home in regard to local bills for the advancement of the capital city in various ways.

Other Democratic Congressmen will be here early in the week, to put in the holiday recess in the contest for U. S. Senatorship. Judge Geddes and Mr. Follet are said to be aspirants for the Senatorship, and Gen. Durbin Ward will also present a formidable following. Senator Pendleton and his cohorts will be on the fighting grouud to-day. This is to be a crisis for him, for his enemies are strong and valiant. Judge Payne will not be here to enter into the scramble for office, but his friends who recognize him as a fit man for the place will be here and will make a strong fight for him. The Payne cohorts will be commanded by John R. McLean, from the South, and David R. Paige from the North part of the State. Payne will have nearly the solid support of the Northern part of the State and also the solid Hamilton county delegation, from Pendleton's home; he will also have about half of the Democratic members from Southern Ohio. The Payne men now claim 60 of the 82 Democratic members of the house, with 15 for Pendleton and the rest divided among Ward, Geddes and Converse, with perhaps scattering votes for Sweeney, Follett, and others. But these sixty votes cannot be had until after the first ballot when complimentary votes will be made, and there is some talk now of no ballot at all.

PAYNE ALL POWERFUL.

The Payne combination is very powerful, perhaps the strongest combination ever formed in the State for political purposes. It has always been a successful crowd when it took the field; last summer it was Hoadly's backing and nominated him against McLean, Ward, Geddes, Bookwalter, Converse and other factions. Now, however, all these several interests are united in one common cause—the defeat of Pendleton, and the field is practically united on Payne as the strongest man to defeat Pendleton. With such allies as these, it can easily be seen how it can claim with confidence 60 out of the 82 votes. With the Payne organization as Hoadly's most faithful ally last June, it is safe to say that Hoadly is not now against Payne. Bargar, a Payne man, will probably be Hoadly's Adjutant-General. Besides all this, the members, with one or two exceptions, of the State Executive and Central Committees are for Payne, so that he seems to have all the machinery in his favor.

On the other hand the Pendleton men do not deny that the Payne men had it pretty much their own way since the opening of Congress, but the Pendletonians hope before December is is over, to overcome, with their chief on the ground, the formidable opposition, by showing up the work of the Cleveland and Cincinnati combination, and by foreclosing first mortgages executed in securing nominations and elections. Pendleton's presence will be used against him and none fear the disclosures that are to follow.

"THE EXPOSURE ACT."

The Pendleton organs have been doing the exposure act for some time past. They have published columns on the great monopoly, the "Standard Oil Company," and while Mr. Payne claims that he is not now nor ever has been a stock-holder in that organization, still it is cited as his chief backer because his two sons are interested in it. There is quite an amusing bit on this. The Payne men were struggling with great anxiety till their opponents raised the cry of "Standard Oil" against them. Since then it is said they have received the positive pledges of more members than they wanted. The members-elect seem to have taken to oil pretty steadily, and the advertisement helped things at Cleveland amazingly. The Payne men began to want to bet and are now wanting takers; the list reached the Standard test of sixty, and they are growing saucy now.

With such a combination in the field agvinst them, the Pendletonians are fighting with desperation. Neither they nor their opponents will take part in the organization fights. Bohl and Marsh will have it for Speaker, and Elmer White will be President of the Senate without opposition; the fight for other places will be very bitter. For the next month the Democratic pot will boil at fever heat in this city.

"Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble; bubble, bubble, bust." It will be nearly over by the time of the Hoadley inauguration on January 15. The organization caucus will be January 5, and the Senatorial early in the second week in January. All the Payne men agree as to Payne's strength. They believe it will be 37 on the first ballot and 54 on the second after which he will sweep in 60 and perhaps the entire 82. Of course the Pendleton men think this claim entirely too modest.

Gen. James W. Denver, of Wilmington, Ohio, after whom the city of Denver is named, is at the Neil and has had his say about the alleged use of money by the Standard Oil Company to compass the defeat of Pendleton. He says "it will be a sad day for the Democracy of Ohio when money enters in the choice of a United States Senator. It will rob the party of every claim to public confidence, and who ever engages in it is cutting the throat of the Democracy, and is siding and setting the Nation back a quarter of a century, if not indeed imperrilling our political institutions themselves." Gen. Denver was Indian Commissioner prior to the war, Secretary of State of California, a member of Congress, and was supported in the Democratic National Convention for President. He is a Democrat dyed in the wool and has a good war record; but however true his words may be it is certain that money will control the election of the U. S. Senator at this caucus. The boys know how to make money while the sun shines and the more ballots the stronger the gush of the gas pipes.

NOTES AND NOTATIONS.

Governor Hoadley has appointed Charles Anderson, of Greenville, Darke county as Judge-Advocate-General of his staff.

Hon. George L. Converse brought with him a large first-class Senatorial lightning rod which he will put up to-day.

Arch-Bishop Alex. C. Sands is at the Neil House. He will do the vestry religious part in the Senatorial squabble.

Judge Hoadley is a man of peace, and will not tolerate even a "hoss-pistol" salute at his inaugural. Smooth bore politicians are the only artillery he wants around him.

The present week will be a busy one here. Besides the regular Christmas festivities at the churches we shall have the State Bar Association; the College Association; the Ohio Liquor Dealers Association; the State Convention of colored men, and of school examiners.

FARRAND.

LETTER FROM VIRGINIA.

Southern Drummer Again Writes of Political Terrorism.

RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 24th, 1883.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COSHOCTON AGE.—Referring to a former letter on the Danville Massacre, you will pardon me for writing a little more on the same subject. The New York *Times* was loath to credit the first reports of this affair, and when the smoke had cleared away and matters had somewhat toned down, they sent their most conservative and confidential correspondent to investigate. The day he arrived at the seat of war the local papers contained an advertisement from two of the principle hardware and gun stores of the city requesting the return of about 400 stand of arms. The accommodating proprietors had handed the aforesaid guns out with such alacrity that they failed to get the names of the chivalrous and hot tempered cavaliers whose high and mighty sense of "honah, be gad, sah," on which they lay so much stress—did not prove sufficient security for the return of the "weepins."

This correspondent, avoiding everything that was sensational or conflicting, and taking the testimony of eye witnesses, wrote the most damaging statement of this diabolical outrage that I have read. The colored people of this State—two delegates from each county—held a convention in Norfolk last week. I talked with a delegate just returned, and he gave me a good many instances of devilry committed over the State that the newspapers never would get hold of. About 60 counties were represented and about 40 from which they received word that white liberty and the pursuit of happiness were denied them—life still had a certain charm. In short, they were afraid to come, and in many instances had been notified that they had better not go. Danville, of course, was not represented. To show what a deliberate thing this massacre was—a letter was read from one of the leading colored men of Danville. During the shooting he was sitting quietly at home but his hog in the pen was run through with a bayonet. He listened to the dying groans of his pig, but was too familiar with the well worn Klu Klux dodge to be induced to open the door where a dozen shot-guns were ready to riddle him. This same letter stated that the casulties on this occasion were nearer fifty than seven. This would look reasonable when we consider that at least 500 shots were fired down a street crowded with colored people on their Saturday night errands. This man stated that men were yet dying of their wounds, but the authorities and doctors were careful to attribute such deaths to other causes. All this in the name of and for the sake of Democracy! Northern Democrats are compelled to pretend not to believe all this and the only expression they give is to simper something about the bloody shirt. Every one of them ought to have that garment walloped over their heads until their jaws ached. They have a nice lot of allies down here I assure you. On going through a Southern town or city and seeing the rope lines—the corn husk collar—the cow and the mule doing service together—the long-haired, tallow-faced brute with the revolver so faithfully portrayed by *Nast*, and Col. Gut-ripper with "he all" condemned breeches stuffed into "he all" cussed boot tops—the thing that is constantly uppermost in the mind of the patriot and the lover of his country is—how would it do to turn the government over to these fellows!! SOUTHERN DRUMMER.

MRS. MARY KELLEY, of Steubenville, went to the well for a bucket of water, fell in and was drowned. She is said to have been intoxicated, and suicide is thought of. At least, Mary's spirit has started on its endless journey.

BROADBRIM'S NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.

About three or four weeks ago I said in one of my letters that Henry Villard was abundantly able to take care of himself. Some of the bears seemed to think that they could take care of Mr. Villard, but they went to sleep on Tuesday night in a very uncomfortable frame of mind and woke up on Wednesday morning to the fact that they were hundreds of thousands on the wrong side of the ledger with the chances exceedingly light of ever getting their balances back. The shrinkage on the Villard stocks has been something enormous—since one year ago last October over seventy millions of dollars—to that extent that some poor lambs must have suffered—and unfortunately that vast sum has been taken from those who are least able to bear it. It is not the Billings' or the Villard's who suffer. They know just when to buy and when to sell. They are on the inside. If they want a few thousand shares of stock at a low price, which they sold at a very high price, they have only to pass a dividend, and set reports in circulation of irregularities in the management. Instantly the stock begins to tumble, and when they have it down to the lowest notch another dividend is declared, the reports of irregularity are authoritatively contradicted, the stock looms again, the insiders sell out and the outsiders buy, till the big guns have unloaded, and then they are ready for a new deal. When it was reported on the street that Mr. Villard had resigned the presidency of two of his most important companies, for an hour or so it looked like Black Friday. Then the Villard stocks bounded up like an India rubber ball, and all the little bears hastened to cover their shorts, but they were late. In two hours the Villard stocks went up from five to ten points. Everybody who had anything to sell got cash for his goods, but four o'clock came along before the hungry crowd was satisfied, and night fell on a scene of disaster to the faction whose boast is that their greatest success is built on national ruin. Keep your eye on Mr. Villard, and if anybody tells you that he is about to fail give your informant a dose of nitro glycerine and look out for torpedos and spring guns.

There have been three trials during the week which have set people thinking, and we are asking ourselves if there is not something thorougly rotten in our social fabric which needs immediate reforming. One of the most shocking cases is that of Miss Rose Keyser, the suicide of the Windsor Hotel. I will not allude to the tragedy itself, for you have read enough of that. But consider for a moment a woman getting up before a jury to tell the story of her husband's crime. Without a change of countenance and without a blush she acknowledged that she knew the connection between her husband and Miss Keyser, and the infamy of the arrangement never seemed for a moment to strike her. This precious rascal, Dunn, introduces his mistress to his mother and keeps her for months in her company. The old lady has her board bills paid at fashionable watering-places and swell hotels by her son's Leman, and it never appears to have struck her that there was anything wrong in the arrangement. The ruin of a girl, more or less, gives this excellent old lady not the least anxiety, and now that she is dead, and can no longer speak for herself, Mrs. Dunn declares that she merely regarded her as a servant, who could fix her bonnets and mend her frills, though it is morally certain that the unfortunate suicide had more brains and accomplishments than Mrs. Dunn or her son, and the widow Alexander thrown into the bargain. I shall wait with some curiosity for the sequel of the widow Alexander's matrimonial adventure. I wish her much joy of her new husband. If we may judge of the future by the past, she wont have him long. Should her money give out she would soon be abandoned for another, and perhaps experience a portion of the agony that poor Rose Keyser felt when she blew her brains out.

Captain Gordon, the villian who ruined a little school girl, has been convicted of the crime of abduction, in New Jersey, and sentenced to States prison. But here is a school girl not yet out of her teens, in point of fact only just in them, for she was only thirteen years of age, signing herself, "Your affectionate wife; your repentant wife; your loving wife; and she confesses that she was dazzled by the promises of fine dresses, servants and diamonds, till at last she abandoned her home and ran away with a leacherous old rascal who might have been her grandfather.

The last case is the one that has shaken the social fabric of our sister city of Brooklyn. A party of young people met at a summer festival about a year ago, and in the course of the evening sports a proposition was made by one of the heedless throng to have a marriage ceremony which was accordingly done, a boy of sixteen acting as minister, and a boy of seventeen and a girl of fifteen acting as bride and groom. If the matter had ended there it would have been all very well, but the youthful groom professed to think himself a very much married man, and the bride received him as her husband in fact, and this relationship was kept up for several months, but after a time the groom began to tire of his connubial bliss, and eventually he cast off his young bride altogether. But the young lady was not to be got rid of so easily so she sued her Lothario for support, and the case is still before the courts, the judges hardly knowing which way to decide.

The shocking part of this story is that the boys father laughed and joked during the trial about the ruin of the unfortunate girl. There was no question as to the part his son had played in the tragedy but the old gentleman appeared to think that his hopeful son was merely sowing his wild oats, and to several reporters this worthy old gentleman declared that he never laughed so much in all his life, and that it was one of the best jokes of the season. What is society coming to when crime that cry to high heaven for punishment are treated as jokes by those who call themselves christian men and women?

The prostitution which damns a woman, and kills her, leaves her slayer without a stain or a scar; the son who starts out in life by sending his playmate to perdition is received with open arms by his father and mother while the wretched girl he led to ruin is a spotted outcast on the face of the earth. Verily, verily there is something rotten in Denmark.

Mrs. William Astor is going to give a ball some time in January, which promises to eclipse anything ever given in New York. The Astors do not give many entertainments, but when they do they give something worth seeing and recording. Of money they have plenty. You never hear much about the Astors' fortune, but everybody knows that they are very rich, they own thousands of houses all over the city, and while they are constantly buying, they seldom sell, so that money does not trouble them when they feel like giving a party. They are rather a retiring sort of family. They never thrust their personality on the neighbors, but when they give a reception or ball the best in the city are only too glad to come. Of course the ladies would like to know something of Mrs. Astor. Well, she is an accomplished lady of great charity, and very much beloved by those who know her. She has this world's goods in abundance, and it is said that her lace alone, of which she has a marvelous collection, are worth $50,000. Her diamonds and other jewelry are worth a quarter of a million, and the set of silver, on which she will entertain her guests at the coming ball, cost $150,000. I have not yet been invited, if I am, I shall go, for the company is respectable and the feed good.

A bitter snow storm struck the city on Wednesday, but while the snow fell the thickest the old Evangelist, Father Kimball, fed a hungry crowd on the steps of the city hall. He does what Christ his master did; he feeds the hungry and tries to win them to Jesus by good deeds and good example. He does not feed them on religious tracts but on good bread and meat and good coffee and tea, and when their craving hunger is satisfied he talks to them. Thousands bless Father Kimball. Would there were more like him.

With the best greeting of the season Broadbrim wishes all his readers a *Merry Christmas*, and a *Happy New Year*.

Yours Truly,

BROADBRIM.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

MR. ROBERT RIDENOUR of Newark, a rising young journalist, died this week of brights disease.

MR. SAMUEL EBERT, a prominent business man of Zanesville, is dead. Cause, abscess of the bowels.

THE flouring mill of J. D. Jones near Newark, has been closed by the Sheriff on an execution for $1105.21.

THE clothing of little Jessie Hare, of Newark, became ignited one day last week and death resulted the next day.

THOMAS LINDSAY, an aged citizen, fell on the streets of Zanesville, and sustained internal injuries that may result in death.

HORSE thieves are abroad. Two horses were stolen in one night near Mansfield. Farmers, keep your stable doors locked.

LAST Monday's storm caused a washout on the Cincinnati and Muskingum Valley Railway, at Reed's Station, which caused such a break as to prevent trains running for nearly a week.

J. M. DAVIS, the man arrested in Newark for passing counterfeit money had a preliminary hearing and was bound over to court in the sum of $1000. He now languisheth in jail.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN while in the employ of the Pan-Handle Railway Company having sustained injuries brought suit for $10000 in the Common Pleas Court at Steubenville. The jury returned a verdict of $755.

SERGEANT MASON was at Zanesville this week attending the Grand Army Fair and Festival, and while he was a drawing card the impression prevailed with all who met him that he was a crank, so say reports.

THOMAS PRICE, of Zanesville, fell down a pair of stairs the other night and broke his shoulder blade and two ribs. The same day Philip Roosterweltz had one eye put out by a dust explosion at the Ohio Iron works.

THE devil in the Guernsey Jeffersonian office failed to put in an appearance the other morning in time to build the fire, and as a consequence the entire force struck. They held out for one day, the devil was caught and brought back, and now all is serene.

MR. KINLEY BAUSM, of the Otsego neighborhood, visited Zanesville one day last week to make holiday purchases. While in the wholesale grocery house of Wm. Stevens he fell through a hatchway, a distance of thirty feet, sustaining a fracture of a hip and internal injuries.

CORNELIUS AULTMAN and Jacob Miller, of Canton, are half brothers, partners in manufacturing and immensely wealthy. They built a new church last summer which cost $150,000, and each of them pay $1,000 pew rent per annum. No trouble to "pay the preacher" in that town.

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MILLIONAIRE LADIES IN NEW YORK.

"The Marble Widows" the Richest and Most Widely Known.

There are in the city of New York something like a score of ladies who are worth in excess of a million dollars in their own right. The majority of them are the widows of successful merchants or members of families to whom wealth was an inheritance. There are instances where through fortunate investments and wise management money has accumulated in the hands of fair owners, but none is recorded where a woman by her own effort has carved out for herself such a gigantic fortune.

Of course the richest and most widely known of the lady millionaires of New York is Mrs. Cornelia M. Stewart, the widow of the great merchant prince. Her quiet life has been often described. An invalid and feeble beyond her years, she occupies a single suit of rooms in her great cheerless mansion on Fifth avenue and West Thirty-fourth street, and lives the quietest of lives. Alexander T. Stewart left nearly $100,000,000 when he died, and the greater portion of his fortune went to his widow. It has not been dissipated, although the mausoleum and memorial school erected by Mrs. Stewart at Garden City and some munificent contributions to existing charities have drawn upon her income.

Another lady millionaire, known to nearly everybody and beloved by all who know her, is Miss Catharine Wolfe, whose eight millions came to her by inheritance. Of middle age, just past the half-century meridian, Miss Wolfe is the direct antipodes of an "old maid." Benevolent, cheerful, highly accomplished, and in every way lovable, she has hosts of friends, both in her own station of life and among those whom her philanthropy has reached. Her residence, No. 13 Madison square, a double brown-stone front, is filled with tapestries, bric-a-brac and curiosities alone valued at over $100,000 gathered by Miss Wolfe during her frequent European visits, from the latest of which she returned a couple of months ago. She has recently had erected a new house at Newport. Miss Wolfe has given some notable receptions, a "Rosebud breakfast" for her niece last winter attracting considerable attention. She is connected with some of the best families of the city, and closely related to the Kanes. Her income is very large, and she is now spending a part of it in the erection of a spire for Christ Church.

Mrs. Susan E. Roberts, to whom has fallen the care of the millions of the late Marshall O. Roberts, is another charming lady in the very prime of life. Her elegant double residence, Nos. 105 and 107 Fifth avenue, is assessed at $75,000, a very small part of its value. Some time ago rumor had it that Mrs. Roberts was likely to share with the chief Executive the honors of the White House, but she seems to have been true to her husband's memory.

Two ladies whose wealth exceeds a million dollars were brought into painful prominence a few months ago by the attempted suicide of Lieut. Gianni Bettini, of the Italian army, in front of their elegant house, No. 5 West Fifty-seventh street. Mrs. Josephine Ayer, the widow of Dr. J. C. Ayer, who made $4,000,000 in patent medicines. Miss Lillian Ayer, her daughter, for unrequited love of whom the hotheaded Italian attempted to end his existence, is a beautiful girl of 20.

Another lady with an eventful history, who is worth in the neighborhood of a million, is Mrs. Frances A. Vanderbilt, the widow of the Commodore. Her residence is at No. 10 Washington place. Frances Crawford was at one time the undisputed belle of Mobile, Ala. Young and highly accomplished her hand was sought by many. James Elliott, a promising young lawyer, won the prize. After a few years of happiness domestic trouble ended in a divorce. The beautiful grass-widow captivated Commodore Vanderbilt, and in spite the opposition of his children they were married. The first husband is now in Texas. A bit of gossip which floated around some time ago was that the fair widow yet had a warm spot in her heart for her first love and was willing to return to him, bringing her wealth, but after due deliberation the gentleman in Texas concluded that $1,000,000 could not induce him again to enter the bondage of his ex-mother-in-law.

The largest lady real-estate owner in New York is Miss Mary G. Pinckney, who lives on West One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street, near Seventh avenue. She owns block after block of unimproved property, including the large ground and vacant lots near it. Although the value of her property is immense, it is unremunerative, and her income is eaten up by her taxes, which are always in arrears. Miss Pinckney is a somewhat eccentric lady of middle age.

Among others of the more notable of the lady magnates may be mentioned Mrs. Ellen Morgan, the widow of Edwin D. Morgan, who lives in elegant style at No. 411 Fifth avenue; Mrs. Catharine Taylor, to whom Moses Taylor's millions fell; Mrs. Jesse Hoyt; Mrs. Paran Stevens, an acknowledged leader in the society of two continents; and Mrs. Hicks-Lord, the beautiful young relic of the deceased octogenarian.

Of Fifth avenue property-owners five ladies pay taxes on property on the avenue assessed at over $100,000. Mrs. Rebecca Jones leads the list, being assessed at $430,000 on Nos. 707 and 721. Hannah S. Dillon, May Stevenson, and Mrs. Livingston are assessed for $130,- each, and Mrs. E. Coles for $120,-. There are, of course, a number of married ladies who have inherited a million or more, but whose property is merged with that of their husbands.

Notable among the heiresses to millions is Miss Carrie Astor, a petite blonde of 19, of most charming manners, who will enter her second season in society this winter. Miss Astor dresses elegantly but quietly, and wears little jewelry, although her mother, Mrs. William Astor, has splendid jewels. At the Vanderbilt ball last winter Miss Astor took part in the Dresden china quadrille. Her home on Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street has been often described.

Miss Edith Jaffray, the daughter of E. S. Jaffray, the great dry-goods merchant, is a beautiful tall blonde of 20 summers. She is wealthy in her own right, and supports three or four poor girls, besides being active in church charities, her mother being a strict Presbyterian. Miss Jaffray has been much abroad, and the home mansion, No. 615 Fifth avenue, is filled with gems of the painter and sculptor which evince her correct taste. She sings finely, her voice having been cultivated in Europe, and writes fluently, one of her poems having appeared in Harper's.

Miss Jean Turnure, the daughter of Lawrence Turnure, is another heiress to great wealth. Miss Turnure is a slender, graceful brunette of 19, and made her debut in society last winter. At the Vanderbilt ball she appeared as an Egyptian princess. Not less than $40,000 has been expended for bric-a-brac alone for the furnishing of her palatial house, No. 192 Madison avenue. Miss Turnure was educated abroad, sings divinely, and is a skilled equestrienne. Her "Huntsman's breakfast" last season was a nine day's wonder.

Miss Eva Johnston, the youngest daughter of Mr. John Taylor Johnston, is a pretty miss of 16, not yet in society, where her mother has long been an ornament. Mr. Johnston's house on Fifth avenue, and his country seat at Plainfield, New Jersey, are both models of elegance.—*New York Letter.*

A Study of a Tornado.

A tornado, or whatever else it may be called, that will take a hickory tree, young and sound, twenty inches in diameter, and without rooting it, twist it to splinters in the twinkling of one's eye—that sort of a thing deserves examination from scientific men. Of this description was the late tornado here. Before looking into the matter I was prepared to assert with great confidence that the late disaster was owing entirely to imperfect slipshod building. After a thorough, critical and entirely disinterested examination, lasting a week, I am persuaded that all current theories and explanations in reference to this and all tornadoes elsewhere are at fault.

With the exception of perhaps two buildings the structures blown down at Springfield are of a sort little qualified to withstand ordinary Atlantic coast gales. Undoubtedly far worse gales than this Springfield tornado, in point of violence, have been familiar to Eastern people for generations past.

I maintain that the wind did not do the damage.

Suppose that you take a group of seven houses, for example, closely bunched together.

A storm comes up. Three of the seven, fully as substantial in every particular, are pulverized to atoms by the storm, while the remaining four are entirely uninjured—untouched, in fact. How can we account for such caprices on the part of the elements? Are such caprices characteristic of wind-storms?

The woolen mill at Springfield was built, as I am told by its builder, a German of solid, practical experience East and West, of better material and with more lime in the mortar than most brick walls are composed of. The walls were massive; the work was done under critical supervision. This mill building was demolished, while the frailest of frame dwellings, buildings with no larger timber in the frame than 3x6, were left uninjured, standing in the track of the tempest.

How can we account for this?

The frame dwellings that were destroyed by the tornado do not resemble anything recognizable in the form of timber, lumber or any building material whatever, in the state of chaotic confusion and demolishment in which the storm has left them. They look rather as though Vulcan's hammer had struck them and pulverized them into a mass of formless rubbish. This is a fact; not exaggeration.

I have examined carefully several times the remains of Father F. J. O'Niell's Catholic Church at North Springfield, entirely demolished by the storm. The building was of firm and thick brick walls; in size, 36x70 feet. It was securely prepared, as to every essential of safety, when the tornado scattered it to the winds. There is scarcely a brick left standing upon another above the ground. The wreck looks as though a great mill had passed it through the hopper, through the runs of stone, and out into formless void.

Father O'Niell's dwelling, a frail cottage of the light pine lumber, put up in the ramshackle manner usual with the southern carpenters of twenty years ago, escaped without so much as a shingle being disturbed on the roof. It stood some forty feet, perhaps, to the north of the demolished church.

There are some remarkable, if not miraculous, experiments from the wreck of this Catholic church. Father O'Niell showed me several things which puzzled the coolest of brains. Everything pertaining to the mass was taken from the chaos of rubbish by Father O'Niell uninjured. The altar stone was set in a heavy frame of wood, this frame being ground to splinters by the storm, but not a scratch on the stone of Italian marble could be detected. The missal or mass book, a richly-bound volume, was perfect. The chalice, a solid silver cup, elaborately engraved, was taken from the wreck uninjured. The blessed sacrament and the tabernacle both were saved intact. The organ was thrown across the street. A little glue will right that.

A man told me of a group of fowls which the storm had caught. Every feather was singed from them. They stood bare of feathers, and their skin was turned black.

Here, then, is a clew. These storms are simple a concentrated force of electricity, bursting upon any given object, hurling it asunder, grinding it to powder, in many burning, singeing it to a burnt crisp.

What else could take a hickory tree, twenty inches in diameter, and twist it from its roots, leaving it a formless heap of splinters and pulp?—*Springfield (Mo.) Letter.*

The Louisville Girl.

It is easy enough to distinguish a Louisville man or woman after one has lived there a short time, says a correspondent. The Louisville woman is famous; I must say I think her decidedly ahead of the Louisville man—young man I mean. The Louisville woman is beautiful and she is also intelligent. Her world is not a large one, but she gets the most possible out of it. She is generally more or less of a coquette, but what beautiful woman is not? Her dainty fingers are not soiled by handling clay to make bad pottery, and she makes no pretense of devoting herself to an emasculated art, as the women of Cincinnati do. She reads a good deal, thinks a little, is well bred and rather independent, but not of trousers. No; she can not exist without men. She dresses exceedingly well—in this weather in bewitching white gowns with tight-fitting white sleeves and translucent covering of the shoulders and neck—sometimes rather more than neck. The Louisville girl is rather ephemeral, but by no means useless. She serves as a wholesome corrective to the men.

It is occasionally interesting to pick up a medical journal and read a line or two. The *Medical News* lately asked: "Is the resection of the carcinomatous pylorus a justifiable operation?" To which the *Scalpel* gravely responds: "If the cubatilm linctum of the transicleriosegus failed no other method would be justifiable."

WHEN HE CAME TO GRIEF.

Story of Gettysburg by a Man who Talked too Much.

"Here's where I came to grief," said a twelfth regiment man, as he stood upon Seminary Ridge. "How did it happen?" was asked. "Well," said he, "if you wish, I'll tell you, but I fear I may be wearisome. I always had the unenviable reputation of talking too much, and on that 1st day of July, 1863, my propensity to be too loquacious came very near ending my career. You see they brought us to the brow of this hill on the double quick, and we found we had a beautiful chance to get a cross-fire on a brigade of 'Johnnies' that lay down in an open field. We peppered them a while, and then our boys began to shout 'Forward!' and 'Charge!' I don't think the order came through the regularly constituted channels. It was a sort of spontaneous and voluntary movement on the part of the men who were

BRIM FULL OF FIGHT

on this occasion. The Colonel and Adjutant both tried to find out 'Who gave that order?' but all that we knew was that everybody in the regiment was shouting 'Forward!' The advance was inevitable, and so our officers placed themselves in our front and away we went like a whirlwind. We had captured and driven in all but about twenty or thirty of the rebs, after a slight resistance, and my propensity to talk was so strong upon me that I couldn't help telling the 'Johnnies' that were hanging behind all about our good treatment of prisoners, etc., and thus I didn't notice that the regiment went back to its old position. When I came to my senses I found I was alone. I concluded to go back and so informed them, but they very emphatically ordered me to stay. Now something had to be done, so I quickly determined to take my chances of instant death rather than perish by the slower methods of disease and starvation, and I so informed them in not very elegant terms, modes of expression that I do not now use. Then I ran, and the faster the bullets came the faster I ran until after a while a shot came from off to my right and

STRUCK ME IN THE LEFT GROIN,

and down I went. O, you needn't laugh: the bullet struck me in front, I'm happy to say, and I never regretted the decision I made in such a hurry." "What became of you afterwards?" was asked. "Well, I lay there unable to move, until nearly dark, and had a good chance to review the rebel army as most of it swept over me. Artillery wheels and horses' feet came uncomfortably near, but I escaped death—providentially, it always seemed to me. About sunset the 'Johnnies' carried me back to Pennsylvania College, but it would make too long a story to tell you all my experience there. I will only say that from that point, lying near an open door, I could see many of the movements of the rebel army, including the formation and advance of Pickett's division, and could hear the yell of the rebels as they swept forward, and then the glad hurrahs of our boys when the charge was repulsed. There were fifteen of us wounded men at the college—the other 700 were rebels—and we cheered, too, when our boys did, until the rebels threatened to kill us if we didn't stop. I shall never forget the four terrible days I passed there—days of alternate hope and fear—nor the joy I felt on the morning when gray coats went away and blue coats appeared. But I'm getting back into my old habit of talking too much. Please excuse me. I'm apt to forget myself when talking of those days."—*Boston Journal.*

A Cowboy Among the Ivories.

"Say, you," exclaimed an elongated cowboy, with handy legs from long and tedious sedentary pursuits in the saddle, and wearing a hat weighing about ten pounds. "Won't you go out with me and paint your nose?"

The party addressed was a guest stopping at an Austin hotel, and the scene of the incident was in the office of the said caravansary. The guest regarded the cowboy for a few moments attentively, and then, for the sake of novelty accompanied him to the bar-room. After imbibing the two strolled back into the hotel, and passed the door of the parlor, within which stood a piano. The piano caught the cowboy's eye, and there were no people in the room.

"Pardner" said the cowboy, "did you know I could jolt one of them things?"

"What things?" inquired the guest.

"Pianners. I'm a hoss at jerkin' melody outen' the finger-board of them things. Jest step in an' I'll give yer a taste."

They entered the parlor and the cowboy spread himself all over the front of the instrument, coiled his whiplash legs down under the piano stool, threw back his long, sinewy body, ran his bony, dirty fingers over the delicate white keys, dipped into an overture in a minor key, as soft and plaintive as the sigh of a summer breeze, changed suddenly from a wild succession of chords from "Pinafore," "Patience," "Olivette," and "La Mascott," to "Peek-a-boo," and "Only A Pansy Blossom."

As the man played, his physical identity seemed to dissolve, and while the outer shape and lines of the cowboy remained, within he seemed lit up with spirituality, which gleamed softly out from his large, expressive eyes. He surely played with marvelous power and expression, and one by one the guests of the hotel crept into the parlor, arranged themselves by the windows and walls, or hung, listening attentively, near the doorway. It was a weird, yet novel scene. The big sombrero had fallen off, and the dark, matted hair of the player reached half way to the floor, as his body swayed back and forth to the undulating rhythm of the music.

"How do you like it?"

The tone in which the cowboy uttered this interrogation was entirely new, and a strange metamorphosis appeared to have occured in his personal appearance. In his face there was a familiar look which was quickly observed by the hotel guest, and as quickly was the changed expression on the latter's face noticed by the cowboy. The man rose hastily from his chair by the piano, but the cowboy rose up with him, threw open his buckskin vest, exhibited the steel badge of a detective, and, at the same moment, whipped out a revolver, and said:

"Charles Mortimer, I arrest you for forgery committed three months ago in Chicago. Miss Abbott, am I correct in the identity of this man?"

All eyes were immediately turned in the direction of a handsome young lady standing by a lounge in the rear portion of the room, and directly opposite a large mirror hanging over the piano.

"Yes, sir," replied Miss Abbott, with but slight embarassment considering the peculiar sensational episode.

"Yes," continued the cowboy, "by intently watching your signs and movements in the glass over the piano, I concluded that you had acquitted yourself nobly in the undertaking. Ladies and gentlemen," turning toward the guests, "for three months, Miss Abbott, who is a prominent female detective, and myself have followed this man, Mortimer from hamlet to village, and from village to city. Invariably he has succeeded in evading us, until now, and," producing a pair of bracelets, the cowboy deftly clasped them on the wrists of Mr. Mortimer, saying, "I think we will shake Texas and cultivate for a while the moist lake air of Chicago."—*Texas Siftings.*

Imitation Stained Glass.

Among the many uses of the printing-press none is more novel than the production of imitation stained glass. Designs for any pattern desired are engraved on wood. The blocks of wood are placed on an old-fashioned hand-press, and then are inked with oil colors compounded with special reference to the use for which they are intended. Then a sheet of very thin hand-made porous paper is laid on, and a prolonged impression given, in order that the color may thoroughly permeate the paper. Each color is, of course, printed at a separate impression. Having completed the printing process the different pieces of paper which compose the design are soaked in warm water half an hour, taken out, the water sponged off and then coated on one side with a thin cement. A similar coat of cement is given the glass to which the paper is to be applied, and then the paper is laid on in place and varnished over. The plain window becomes at once, to all appearances, a window of stained glass. The effects of the lead lines, the irregular pieces of colored glass, the heads of saints and soldiers, the antique or the modern Japanese designs are all to be had as brilliant in color as the genuine glass.

"Will the stuff last?" was asked of a Broadway dealer.

"We have had it in all sorts of places, where it was subject to the action of frost, moisture, the direct rays of the sun, and artificial heat for five years. We warrant it for ten years, if the owner of the glass will varnish it as often as he would a piece of furniture."

"Suppose it gets dirty?"

"Use soap and water as you would on any varnished surface. Its merits are only now becoming known, because of a prejudice against imitations and a fear among some people that the frost will ruin it. But within a year we have applied over forty thousand square feet of it. Our customers include the best Long Branch and Saratoga hotels, owners of new business blocks on Broadway, fashionable churches in New York and Brooklyn, and apartment-houses. When the reporter of a Brooklyn paper wrote up one of the churches there as having magnificent new stained-glass windows, when, in fact, the old 6x9 glass in the old frames had been covered with our paper, we naturally hopped on the top rail of the fence, flapped our wing, and crowed."

"How does the cost compare with genuine glass."

"It costs about one-tenth as much. We put a large window in a country church for $11. A real glass window opposite cost $165. Members of the congregation have assured us that ours is more admired than the other. The cost of decorating a window is 75 cents a foot if we do the work. We will sell the designs, and the parties can put them on at less cost. Anyone can do the work."—*New York Sun.*

The Girl That Everybody Likes.

She is not beautiful—oh, no! Nobody thinks of calling her that. Not one of a dozen can tell whether her eyes are black or blue. If you would ask them to describe her, they would only say: "She is just right," and there it would end. She is a merry-hearted, fun-loving, bewitching maiden, without a spark of envy or malice in her whole composition. She enjoys herself and wants everybody else to do the same. She has always a kind word and a pleasant smile for the oldest man or woman; in fact, I can think of nothing she resembles more than a sunbeam, which brightens everything it comes in contact with. All pay her marked attention, from rich Mr. Watts, who lives in a mansion on the hill, to negro Sam, the sweep. All look after her with an admiring eye, and say to themselves: "She is just the right sort of a girl!" The young men of the town vie with one another as to who shall show her the most attention; but she never encourages them beyond being simply kind and jolly; so no one can call her a flirt; no, indeed, the young men all deny such an assertion as quickly as she. Girls—wonderful to relate—like her, too; for she never delights in hurting their feelings, or saying spiteful things behind their backs. She is always willing to join their little plans, and to assist them in any way. They go to her with their love affairs, and she manages adroitly to see Willie or Peter, and drop a good word for Ida or Jennie, until their little difficulties are all patched up, and everything goes on smoothly again—thanks to her. Old ladies say she is "delightful." The sly witch—she knows how to manage them. She listens patiently to complaints of rheumatism or neuralgia, and then sympathizes with them so heartily that they are more than half cured. But she cannot always be with us. A young man comes from a neighboring town, after a time, and marries her. The villagers crowd around to tell him what a prize he has won, but he seems to know it pretty well without any telling, to judge from his face. So she leaves us, and it is not long before we hear from that place. She is there the woman everybody likes.—*Christian Advocate.*

When He Went Aloft.

"When I was a lad, my greatest desire was to go to sea," remarked a well known citizen to a reporter the other day. "My father was a farmer, but tilling the soil had no charms for me. I was discontented, and one day my father, thinking it was the best way to cure me, gave his consent to my becoming a sailor. I was never so happy in my life, and all the boys in the neighborhood envied me. Before a fortnight passed, I envied them.

"That was in the days of merchantmen, and my father was acquainted with a merchant in New York who was engaged in the China trade, and to him he gave me a line asking him to put me onto one of his vessels. The captain was a bluff, hearty old fellow, the very beau ideal of a sea captain—when on shore. I was very much pleased with his appearance, but subsequently he didn't look half so pretty to me. He was a thorough sailor, though. I never saw the night that he didn't come on deck two or three times to see that all was as it should be.

"I felt a little homesick as a little tug took us down the bay, but I forgot all about it when we got outside and commenced making sail. There were three of us boys on board, and we stood huddled together on the lower deck watching the sailors as they ran out the spars and let fall the sails, and we fell to wondering how long it would be before we would be required to go aloft and lay out on a yard. One of us thought it would be a month or two and another thought it would be six months. Finally we concluded that we would be worked into it gradually; sent up a little ways one day, a little further the next, and so on until we could go all over the rigging. You can imagine my surprise, therefore, when, after all the ropes had been coiled up, the deck cleared, and everything made ship shape, the captain turned to me and said:

"'Here, youngster, do you see that bit of rope a-flying up there? Go up and bring it down.'

"It was a bit of marline, about three feet long, flying from the topmast crosstree, and, I suppose some sailor had put it there on purpose. Gracious! The thought of going way up there made my hair stand on end, and I told the captain I was afraid I couldn't do it.

"'You are, eh! Well, I can take all that out of you!' and he started for a rope's end.

"I didn't wait for him to get it, but ran up the rigging as well as I was able, never expecting to get back alive. There was quite a heavy sea, and the mast swayed frightfully. If I could have been put back onto the farm at that moment, no one would ever have heard me say another word about going to sea."

"Did you get the marline?"

"You bet I did! And wa'n't I proud when I handed it to the captain! And didn't I put on airs over the other boys! I'd been aloft and they hadn't."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Then Let the Review Begin."

The return of the native in the person of the Hon. Thomas Porterhouse Ochiltree was appropriately celebrated. The flag was run up over the south wing of the capitol, as when the house is in session, and the president sent his own valet as soon as he heard Tiger Tom, the Texas Terror, was in town, to ask how he did. Mr. Ochiltree mentions that, on reaching Liverpool, the Prince of Wales met him on the pier, with Poole, who took his measure as soon as he landed. He has but little to say of England, as his stay was shortened by the Princess Beatrice remarking that he had a horrid head of hair. In Rome he was invited to dine with the Pope. He also met the Prince del Mondacio, who is considered the most magnificent liar in all Europe. Mr. Ochiltree says the prince has no invention, no imagination whatever. He says the pope is a kind of agnostic in belief, which Mr. Ochiltree defines to mean one who sticks to what he knows.

From Italy he went to Egypt, where he was the guest of the Khedive Towfik. Mr. Ochiltree says the charms of Cairo never have yet been fully set forth. Mounted on one of the fleet dahabeahs of the desert, a gift from the stable of the Khedive, he secured the Libyan Desert, and returned to the place to listen to the sweet notes of the yashmak touched by the soft fingers of star-eyed johads, while smoking the fragrant muezzin and sipping the far-famed yataghan. The Khedive conferred upon him a title, making him a Hasheesh of the noble order of the Backsheesh. The regret was universal at his departure. When the Khedive was told of Mr. Ochiltree's approaching farewell, he lay right down and cried, and several sacks full of ladies had to be tumbled into the canal, which flows under the palace windows, after Mr. Ochiltree left, before anything like peace could be restored in the Khedive's family.

Mr. Ochiltree attended the autumn manœuvres of the German army at Hamburg-vorder-Hohe, in September. The Emperor William told him he had always desired to meet him, and on the day of the grand review of the First Army Corps, inquired:

"Is Mr. Ochiltree, congressman-at-large from the Lone Star State, here?"

Being answered in the affirmative, he said: "Then let the review begin."

Mr. Ochiltree, however, says he is glad to get home, for most of the time he was gone he was dryer'n a graven image.

The Largest of Apple Trees.

In a wild state the apple tree seldom grows to great size, the largest specimen of the American crab apple that I have seen being but twenty feet high, and having a trunk but a foot in diameter. The average size of the cultivated tree, under favorable conditions, considerably exceeds this, and specimens are not rare with a spread of forty feet, and a trunk two or three feet through. Such are to be seen on the old farms of New England, relics of the days of hard cider and good vinegar. It has been discovered that these old orchards, whose fruit long ago ceased to be marketable, make excellent kindling wood; and it is a fact that many of the largest trees are thus disappearing in smoke.

While visiting such an orchard near New Haven, not long ago, the farmer, perceiving me taking notes as to the dimensions of his trees, told me that probably the largest apple tree in the world was to be seen on the farm of Delos Hotchkiss, in Marion, Conn. I need not give the size as originally stated by my informant, and which was, like most such matters, much exaggerated; for I have just had exact measurements taken, as follows:

Circumference of the trunk, near the ground	18 ft. 3 in.
Circumference of the trunk, three feet from the ground	13 ft. 9 in.
Circumference of the trunk, at the forks	16 ft. 2 in.
Circumference of the two main branches	10 ft. 4 in. and 8 ft. 8 in.
Circumference of nine smaller branches, from	4 to 6 ft. each.
Height of tree	60 feet.
Diameter of tree-top	104 feet.

A peculiarity of this tree is that it is what is termed "an alternate bearer:" five limbs bearing one year and four the next. The usual yield from the five limbs is about 85 bushels, although in a single instance it reached 110 bushels; and the four limbs vary from 35 to 40 bushels. The fruit is said to be excellent for winter use, though on this point I can only speak from hearsay.

The age of this venerable apple tree is estimated at about 175 to 180 years. Curiously enough the patriotic old tree marked the centennial year by bearing fruit on all its branches, the first time it was known to do so in its life, and it has continued to do so down to the present time. Some of the limbs are now dying, others are broken down; signs of decay appear in many places, and it is thought that this noble specimen of *Pyrus malus* will be numbered among the things of the past.—*Scientific American.*

A Smoke in Italy.

The Italian Government has entered into a very laudable undertaking. It has resolved to suppress tobacco smoking. As you enter Italy the customs officers take from you all the tobacco you have, and then turn you over to the government, which completes the work of reformation by selling to you at exorbitant prices the most villainous compounds ever concocted under the name of tobacco. To emphasize the good work and make reformation a certainty the government, which has a monopoly of the tobacco traffic, gets up packages that sell for thirty cents upwards, with the names of popular American brands of tobacco, so as to entrap foreigners into purchasing. The different names, spelled wrong, pertaining to American, all inclose the same kind of stuff. The only difference in Italian tobacco is the labels. The tobacco seems to be made by some secret process out of a kind of vegetable mixed with old paper scraps, which help it to burn. The victim who puts this into his pipe and smokes it—if he recovers—has to learn the whole art of smoking again.

Yet the Italian Government partly undoes its good work by presenting a cigar which is not at all bad for the price. The price is threequarters of a penny, and they make a reduction if you take a quantity. The cigars are the most popular in Italy and are called the "Cavour," in honor of that great Italian. Thus doth fame end in smoke! The cigar is long and about the same size at both ends. Another popular, but very high-priced cigar, for it costs a whole penny, is one with a straw through the centre of it. It is long and pointed. I used to smoke it with the straw in it, but I found that they pulled the straw out, and so I adopted that plan too, although in so doing I missed the burning straw-stack sort of delicate flavor.

A cigar is served up more elaborately in Italy than in any other country. When you order a cigar the waiter brings you a wax candle with a wire arrangement stretching out from it like two arms. The waiter slowly lights the candle and places the cigar in one end of the wire arms with its end in the flame. There it stays until the end is about burned off, when it is ready for smoking. Whether this cumbrous method is necessary because the average Italian is too lazy to light his own cigar, or whether it is because the government doesn't put paper into the cigar as into the tobacco packets, I do not know. Anyhow, that is the way you get a cigar when you are in Rome doing as the Romans do.—*Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.*

Capel on Culture.

"The whole discussion," said the lecturer, "turns upon this single fact: 'Does all end with death?' If so, we might say, as the Apostle Paul has observed, 'Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die.' But if we take the view that life is but a stopping-stone to a greater existence, to that which is never to end, then must the character of our education be of another kind. I take it for granted that the audience is fairly Christian; but yet I will deal with the double question. I will deal with the secular part, and then with what is required in Christian education. There should be a physical, intellectual and moral training. Education in its true sense must cover the whole field. If the intellect alone is cultured and the will neglected, education only becomes a power for indulging the will. There must be education of both head and heart. If not, man, instead of being educated becomes a deformity, and his intellect is spoiled or dwarfed. So far as the thorough education of body and intellect is concerned, we are at one with the secularists. We advocate the full development of both, and join hands with the secular party in this respect; but we are not unmindful of the fact that the body is to be subject to the spirit.

"The body, however, must be brought into subjection and treated with a certain amount of severity in order to make it subservient in carrying out the intellectual work we have to do. When memory and imagination have developed themselves, then comes out the power of thinking. You can tell a child 5 or 6 years of age the strangest stories, and it will bubble over in the delights of its imagination to listen to the most amazing exaggerations; but if you present a problem in arithmetic or algebra to its mind, it becomes irksome. Facts must be gradually presented to the memory and imagination, so that the child may be enabled to see and observe and think for itself. Everything should be done to enrich its vocabulary and draw out its descriptive powers and to give promptitude to its faculty of memory, but there is an obligation upon the Christian to do more. We are made not merely for this world, but for the next."

Old Hickory's Way.

During the administration of President Jackson a gentleman holding an office in one of the departments made a speech, in the course of which he said that General Jackson had a single eye to the welfare of the country, and two of them wide open to his own interest. For this disrespect to the president he was removed by the secretary. The day after his removal he was surprised to receive a note from General Jackson requesting him to call at the white house. He called, sent in his card, and was received. After inquiring whether he was the person who made the statement quoted above, General Jackson asked:

"Why did you do so?"

"Because I felt like it," was the prompt response.

"I understand you have been removed on account of it?"

"Yes, sir; but I am willing to accept the penalty of my rashness."

"It is the privilege of every American citizen to say what he pleases about another citizen so far as he is not libelous," said General Jackson. "Go to Secretary X and tell him that it is my order that you be reinstated at once."

"Within forty-eight hours of his dismissal the gentleman was reinstated," said the *Post's* informant. "He was my uncle, and told me the story himself."—*Washington Post.*

Lord Lytton didn't wan't people to know how old he was, and even in his autobiography refused to reveal the date of his birth. Such precaution, however, availed him little, as his son, the present Earl Lytton, has made the date known. He says his father was born May 25, 1803. He was not christened until his seventh year.

The Penobscot Indians, who have been a part of the history of Maine for 300 years, have intermarried until they have become almost white. Oldtown, the seat of their mission, has decreased from a population of 8,000 in 1625 to a mere hamlet of a few hundred souls in 1883.

GLEANINGS.

Li Po Tai, San Francisco's Chinese doctor, makes $70,000 a year.

Nine million bricks were manufactured in Alexandria, N. H., last year.

The word "masher" occasions much amusement in France.

A New York confectioner says that 30 per cent. of the candy sold is white earth.

Five feet eight inches is "medium height" in a man, and 40 years "middle age."

H. C. Wheeler, of Sac county, Iowa, owns and cultivates 8,400 acres of land.

The Emperor of China employs eight eunuchs to check him when he is beginning to eat too much.

A Utah Mormon writes to a friend in the east: "Thy ain't no yuse for tryin' to make us scart with trupes."

Harrison, the boy preacher, is next spring to be married to Miss Josie Griffith, of Indianapolis.

Two of Dr. Schliemann's children are named respectively Andromache and Agamemnon.

The contributions for the Peter Cooper monument fund, in New York, are coming in very slowly.

Justice Gray, of the Supreme Court, keeps bachelor's hall in Washington with his old Massachusetts servants.

Elaine Goodale, the young poetess, is now teaching in a Hampton Indian school.

Red bamboo canes with enormous silver heads are carried to the opera by the swells in the east.

There are twenty female school superintendents in Vermont, all elected by the votes of the men.

There are now 1,103 students in Girard College, Philadelphia, which is very nearly its full capacity.

Wherever in Mexico the railroads have reached the wages for labor of all kinds have advanced from 100 to 300 per cent.

The Chinese have raised sorghum for 2,000 years, but have only recently become awake to the fact that it could be utilized as a sugar producer.

Joseph Jefferson has added 200 acres to his Louisiana ranch, and he will henceforth spend most of his time there with his two boys.

English doctors are talking about the evils of over-education, and urge the abandonment of competitive examinations.

If the area of the United States was as densely settled as that of France, there would be room for 680,000,000 people.

The Denver *Medical Times* says that there are more physicians in that city in proportion to the population than in any other in the United States.

Ground has been broken at Crystal Park, Colorado, for a railroad to the top of Pike's Peak, 14,200 feet above sea level.

One hundred and ten pounds is the weight of a three-year-old child named Fitz Buchanan, who lives in Greenup, Kentucky.

Among the postoffices in the country there are 31 Washingtons, 19 Shermans, 15 Sheridans, 13 Grants and 30 Salems.

The late Commodore Berrien entered the navy as a midshipman in 1825, and saw active service for thirty-seven years.

A new device has been patented in London for generating electricity at so small a cost that it will be cheaper than gas.

John L. Sullivan has a young brother seventeen years old whose muscular development is such as to give promise that he will be able to lick John inside of three years.

Mr. C. P. Huntington, worth $60,000,000 and a railroad prince, is said to be feeling the weight of years, and has been much bowed down in spirit since the death of his wife.

The Prussian government has made offers for the purchase of six railway lines which, if accepted, will put the entire Prussian system in the hands of the state.

Lord Brougham once facetiously defined a lawyer thus: "A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself."

The fish laws of Canada are becoming more strict year by year, and a notable increase in the supply is being afforded, the fish also being of a much better quality and size.

The largest locomotive ever built is now being made in Sacramento by the Central Pacific railroad. The engine and tender will weigh 105 tons, and will be 65 feet 5 inches long.

Andrew McClellan is the name of a jolly old centenarian in South Carolina who recently married a charming widow of twenty-seven. The gay groom is only 116 years old, and as spry as a kitten.

Minnesota, according to a pamphlet just issued by the State Board of Immigration, has still a vast tract of unexplored territory within her borders. A number of counties are as yet a veritable terra incognita, neither surveyed nor explored.

The negroes of Sumter county, Alabama, have organized a farmer's club that surpasses the grange. If any member fails to attend properly to his team or keep his fences in repair he is fined from $1 to $10, and the money collected out of the first proceeds of his crop.

The *American*, of Waterbury, Conn., tells of a horse that is left unhitched in a shed while its owner spends some time in a saloon every evening. If its owner stays longer than usual the horse backs out the buggy, and, going to the saloon, mounts the steps and looks through the glass until his master comes out and drives away.

A writer of mathematical bent finds from the census returns that there are about 17,000 dentists in the United States, who, he estimates, pack into the teeth of the American people a ton of pure gold annually. Continuing his speculations, he predicts that in the twenty-first century all the gold in the country will be buried in the graveyards.

The railroad track on the new bridge between Minneapolis and St. Paul—the only stone bridge over the Mississippi—is sixty feet above the river; total height above the foundation, 65 feet 6 inches. The bridge affords the best view of the Falls of St. Anthony. It has 23 arches, and 16 of the spans are of 80 feet each. The structure cost about $600,000.

There is an old book bound in sheepskin in Nashville, Tenn., which was about the only thing left by a young journalist named Charles Rutledge Whipple. The book has a chain around it with a padlock, and Whipple never read a line in it in his life, and never opened it except after dark. He claimed it to be an heirloom, bringing misfortune to its possessor. Soon after a futile effort to get rid of it, he died suddenly.

A man living at Cape Vincent, Jefferson county, N. Y., who recently had the misfortune to lose his wife, determined that the doctors whom her mysterious disease had puzzled should not make any post-mortem examination "in the interest of science." Apparently he hadn't much confidence in their honor, for on the day of her burial he erected over her grave a tent, in which he has slept every night since, and proposes to continue sleeping until the body has returned to dust.

Fish culturists will be interested in an enormous eel pond—the largest in America—on a farm in the town of Riverhead, Mass. It covers five acres. About two thousand dozen eels were put into the pond five years ago, and their number has now increased to millions. They are fed regularly every third day on "horse-feet," a peculiar shell-fish, and at meal-time a crack from their owner's whip will bring thousands of them to the surface.

Mr. Yager Wouldn't Subscribe.

"Big time in town to-day, Mr. Yager," said Herr Hans' friendly neighbor to him this morning.

"Yas, dey make oud dat yas a bigger day as July Four Dimes. Dem fellers gome on my house und vant me subscribe fur dot day, und ven I say, 'Vhat vas der matter mit dot day? vas him a orphant, ur got him a railroadt train run ofer, dot you beg monies for him?' dey say, 'Dot vas der dwo hundret year der first Scherman mans in dot gountry gomes.'"

"Well, that is so."

"Und den I say, 'Vhat peen der matter mit dem? Dey peen gone diedt more as a hundert und founfty year ago. Dey don'd got none of dot monies.'"

"They wanted to collect money to defray the expenses of the celebration."

"Und den vone feller (dot Jakey Glick) him say, 'Let me to der old feller dalk; he vas a leedle off; he don'd shtand under dot pizness.'"

"And what did you say then?"

"I say, 'You got more scheek as a canal horse mool; you petter your west bull up; you petter fur a book ashent go, ur a vomans vhat monies gollect fur dem Chinee heeden fellers.'"

"Then what did he say?"

"Him say, 'Old man, I shtand py you; you don'd gan'd schake me dot vay; let me argy der gase mit you.'"

"Und den I say, 'I don'd vas no shtump shpeaker; I don'd vas none of dem court liars. I don'd got no gase in court; I don't vas no bolitical mans.'"

"And then what did he say?"

"Och, he say I vas a dough gustomer. Und I say, 'I don'd vas a gustomer for you.'"

"And what did he say to that?"

"Him say, 'Old man, I shtand py you; I shtop here ondil I got some monies fur dot pizness.'"

"Und den I say, 'You don'd gan'd py me shtand; I gone der house in.' Und I der house gone in, und dot feller him look so scheap as dwo fur a nickel."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

Close Senators.

Indeed very few congressmen "entertain" in the sense in which the term is used. David Davis, who was six years in the senate and fifteen years on the supreme bench, always lived at a second-class hotel and saved money on his salary. He is several times a millionaire, and for many years before he left Washington he had no family. He was beyond doubt considering his great wealth, the closest man ever in public life. He would dispute with the woman at the pie-stand in the hall of the senate over the price of an apple. During the last session of his presidency of the senate, however, he branched out a little, and every Saturday night had a big dinner at Welcker's. How he must have groaned in secret over this great expenditure! Another very close man in the senate was poor, great big, baby-natured, sweet-tempered McCreary, of Kentucky, now dead. He lived in the cheapest place he could find in Georgetown, three or four miles distant from the capitol, and had a pass on the street-cars. On the occasion of a late session of the senate, when the street-cars had stopped, he would walk the whole distance at any time between 12 o'clock to daybreak, no matter how the weather was, rather than pay 50 cents for a carriage. For luncheon he would eat a stick of candy, unless some one asked him to join in something more substantial in the senate restaurant. At such time his appetite was most healthy.—*Washington Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

Better than Butter!

W. D. Boynton, Esq., of Appleton, Wis., writes to the *American Agriculturist*: When a farmer is remote from markets which give fancy prices for fresh "gilt edge" butter, does it pay to take the milk from the calves, hire extra help, neglect other important farm work, and take a day every little while to go to market? It seems to me that at twenty cents a pound for butter the margin for profit is pretty small. In a large, well-equipped dairy, handsome profits no doubt are realized, but not where one has only eight or ten cows. The early morning hours, when he should be in the field, are occupied in milking and churning, and the time spent in marketing often compels neglect of other farm work, resulting in serious loss.

Would it not be much more profitable to let the calves have the milk, and thereby double the value of the stock grown? A large stock raiser of my acquaintance recently gave it as his experience that one good cow would raise two calves and that he proposed to pursue that method altogether hereafter. He gives the calves all the feed they will stand, from the very first, and sells them for beef when about fourteen months old, at which age they weigh about three hundred and fifty pounds. At seven cents per pound, they bring him the nice little sum of twenty-four dollars and fifty cents.

Japanese funerals are always conducted at sunset, in accordance with a superstition that is rather beautiful than otherwise. The procession is headed by priests and a company of musicians, who play upon samisens and beat tom-toms. The coffin is a wooden tub, in which the deceased is squatting as he has lived, with his feet tucked under him. There is this difference however: The face of the dead man is looking toward the north, whereas this position is religiously avoided by the living Japanese. Indeed, the points of the compass are frequently marked on the ceilings of sleeping-rooms that the sleeper may arrange his mats so as to avoid his unfavorable position. The wealthy class is buried in earthen jars instead of wooden tubs, but the mode of arrangement is the same

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AN OPPORTUNITY.

Dora Leonard leaned her pretty elbows on the window-sill of her father's office and peered out over the forest of chimney-tops and irregular roofs which that retired corner of London offered as prospect. She nodded to the little lame boy in the fourth story across the court, dropped a handful of biscuit crumbs for Vixen, Miss Tottenham's parrot, one floor below, and was imperiling her life to steal a spray of scarlet Virginian creeper dangling from a neighbor's balcony, when a strange pair of eyes shining through that same creeper startled her into propriety.

The balcony had hitherto had for its sole occupant a white-haired professor in a velvet scull cap, who had shown no desire for even a nodding acquaintance with Dora. Who could this new comer be? His eyes were beautiful—so dark and expressive—and the hand that held back that vine was delicately shaped and white.

Dora took another peep, through the curtain this time. He had advanced a little and leaned against the balcony railing, and, while appearing unconscious of her presence, watched quietly for the return of the pretty apparition seen at the window.

His dark southern look was so different from the rosy face and blue eyes that Dora was accustomed to; and the girl looking at him, could only think of a pictured Romeo whose face had once haunted her dreams for many a night.

"Dora, dear, close the window; these draughts are most dangerous at this season of the year," came in drowsy accents from the head of the Leonard family nodding over the copy of the *Times*.

"Papa, you never speak of Professor Mudie now. I hope you have not cut the old gentleman's acquaintance?"

"Mudie? He is no longer our neighbor; he left No. 60 a week ago."

"Indeed! Has any one else taken his rooms?"

With the keenest interest Dora waited her father's reply.

"Some foreign looking chap has taken the lodgings; I saw him this morning at 6 o'clock smoking on the balcony in the most outlandish of dressing-gowns, and singing in a fairly good tenor, I must admit, some incomprehensible rigmarole. I must see that the windows are more carefully barred at night; there is no telling what these swarthy vagabonds may do."

"Oh, papa!"

Dora was prepared to follow this exclamation with a lecture on the iniquity of maligning one's neighbor; but seeing that her father had dozed off into unconsciousness, she was forced to reserve her remarks till another occasion.

Living in a remote part of London with her father and a maiden aunt, both of the strictest ideas in the bringing up of young people, Dora's existence had little novelty or excitement. The return of her brother Bob from college was always hailed with delight as a season of merry-making; but the remainder of the year passed monotonously enough. Without knowing why, the girl's interest for the dark-eyed foreigner in the adjoining house had been keenly awakened, and she longed for an opportunity to tell him of her sympathy for his loneliness in the great city. But it could only be through a happy chance that they could know each other, for she dared not make any decided advances toward a perfect stranger, and she knew that her father would not exert himself in the young man's behalf.

Years before a much-beloved cousin of Dora's father, who had filled the place of a younger sister in his heart, had been beguiled into a marriage with an Italian nobleman, which had resulted disastrously and severed all communication with her friends. Since then Mr. Leonard had regarded with suspicion and dislike every foreigner that came under his notice and Dora knew well that she could expect from him no pity or interest for Romeo, as she privately called her unknown hero.

While at college Dora's brother Bob had become the happy recipient of a pair of monkeys, the gift of a friend in India. An old college chum agreed at first to take care of the animals, but as time wore on he grew heartily sick of his bargain and wrote to Bob that he must take the responsibility of his mischievous pets on his own hands.

Bob informed his family that they might expect any day the arrival of the monkeys; but the old gentleman, Mr. Leonard, replied promptly that on no account would he allow the uncouth brutes about the place, destroying the furniture and ornaments which it had been the work of years to collect, besides frightening the servants out of their wits. The thing was preposterous! If Robert would keep savage animals, he must provide a home for them elsewhere.

"The dear boy has his heart set on these monkeys, and will sorely be disappointed," said aunt Matilda, feelingly.

It was a weakness on the part of the old lady to spoil and indulge Bob in the same degree that she lectured and corrected Dora; and she would willingly have spent her last penny to make her beloved nephew happy.

Dora strayed one afternoon into the office; but instead of having her usual post-prandial chat with her father, she was asked to guard the premises during his necessary absence for an hour. The place was quite deserted and she might take a book and make herself comfortable, without fear of interruption till her father's return.

The room where Dora was to keep her vigil was, for a lawyer's office, very attractive; there were numerous books, an easy chair or two, some flourishing plants, and across one side of the room a cabinet of curiosities of considerable value, which it had been the delight of Mr. Leonard's heart to collect and arrange. The gem of the collection was a cracked porcelain plate of the time of Louis XI. of France, declared by connoisseurs to be of very great value. Mr. Leonard had been offered almost fabulous sums for the plate, but, proud of his possession, he had refused to part with it, and it lay in its velvet case on the top of the cabinet, an ornament to the room and the admiration of all visitors. Dora had not been ten minutes alone before aunt Matilda, her eyes big with excitement, put her head in at the door.

"Dora, there is a man with the monkeys declaring that he will not be kept waiting a moment longer. I have promised to drive in the park with Mrs. Graham, and there is no one to look after Bob's pets but you. I would not send them away, so I told the man to bring them up here. They have chains about their necks, and——"

"But, Aunt Matilda, papa will be furious at seeing the monkeys—in his office especially! He declared that Bob should not send them to the house at all."

"We must not disappoint the poor boy, Dora. Kate will return from the milliner's in half an hour, and I will leave word that she is to take the animals to her room then; so your father need know nothing about it. They certainly will do no harm alone in so short a time."

Further discussion was ended by a man very red in the face making his way without ceremony into the room. He set a large basket on the floor, exclaiming:

"There, you chattering varmint's, it's glad enough I am to be rid of you! The attintion those beasts attracted all along the streets, mum, was enough to make an honest man ashamed."

Two pairs of bright eyes peeped from under the basket cover, as if begging for freedom, and the next moment two fine full-grown monkeys were capering about the room as much as their confining chains would permit.

"Chain them to the fender, and they will be sure to be out of mischief," said Aunt Matilda, watching to see this command obeyed, and then following the porter down into the street.

Dora, left alone with her unexpected guests, tried to strike up an acquaintance with them, but they seemed dull and unresponsive. They crouched down side by side on the rug, and fell into a kind of doze, so Dora, relieved of all anxiety as to their conduct, returned to her nook in the window.

There was a thin curl of smoke coming through the vine on the balcony, and she could hear the rustling of the leaves of a book. It was pleasant to know that Romeo was near, and it was also pleasant to have him aware of her presence. Could not Bob, when he came home, be prevailed upon to extend a friendly hand to this dark-eyed stranger? But his holiday was so short, and he had so many old friends to look up, that she was afraid he would only make game of her fancy for Romeo.

Dora's reverie was suddenly interrupted by a clattering of the fire-irons; the smaller monkey, released by the other, was carefully inspecting the glittering poker and tongs, while the elder monkey, without effort, unfastened his own chain and left it lying on the floor. He gave Dora a knowing look and started on a tour of investigation about the room, the girl timidly following to rescue whatever of value might come in his way.

He at length spied, half hidden on the disused grate, the kettle of the spirit lamp which served to brew Mr. Leonard's tea, still partly full of water which had not yet cooled. The thirsty monkey plunged his head into the little kettle, which proved, alas, so tight a fit that it utterly refused to come off! Blinded and frightened, the monkey darted about the room, shaking and twisting his head till the water flew in all directions. This was the signal for a wild frolic for both the monkeys, which Dora tried in vain to quiet. While rescuing the ink-stand from the clutches of one, the other tore in shreds as many as he could seize of the valuable law papers scattered on the table. The elder monkey, having finally freed himself from the kettle, flung it with a crash into the court, and then sprang to the top of the cabinet, where the Louis XI. plate was enshrined.

Dora was horror stricken as she saw the monkey dexterously undo the fastenings and take the plate from its velvet bed. She felt that something desperate must be done to save the precious relic. The clerks were all dismissed, no servant was within call, and there was no one to help her. The monkey raised the plate above her head and began an exciting chatter with his mate. Dora flew to the window, expecting every instant to hear the crash of the priceless porcelain, and, leaning far out, called, with as steady a voice as she could summon:

"Do please come and help me; the monkeys are destroying everything—there is not a moment to lose!"

In her fright Dora hardly realized that the long-wished for interview with Romeo had come at last. A far harder heart than Romeo's could not have resisted those beseeching tones or the pretty appealing look on the girl's face, and in an instant the young man had swung himself from the balcony to the office window, and springing lightly to the floor, took in the situation at a glance.

"Can you save the plate?" said Dora, clasping her hand convulsively.

But her words were unnecessary. With an ease and quickness that seemed magical, the new-comer had dragged the heavy table against the cabinet, and, with the further aid of a chair, raised himself to the monkey's perch. With a cry of delight Dora saw the monkey slip to the floor, leaving the plate unharmed in Romeo's hands.

At this juncture the door opened softly, and Miss Matilda peeped in timidly. Romeo, with his legs dangling from the top of the cabinet, was the first object her eyes lighted upon.

"Dora, what is the meaning of this? Why is this—person intruding here?"

"It means, Aunt Matilda, that we have to thank this gentleman for saving papa's plate from the monkey's clutches. You may well imagine the scene that would have ensued if it had been broken. Please don't waste any time in exclamations, but take off your gloves and help me to put the room in order before papa comes. Fortunately for you, he is unaccountably delayed."

Miss Matilda, completely frightened into submission, flew to assist in putting the room to rights, and, with the aid of Dora and Romeo, order was soon restored. The torn letters and papers were hastily collected to be recopied, the monkeys were dispatched to the attic, Romeo reluctantly retired, and when Mr. Leonard at length returned, he found Dora sitting quietly as he had left her, with her book, at the window. A nervousness of manner and a pair of dimpled cheeks unusually flushed escaped the notice of the man whose mind was full of the details of a new case which he had been discussing.

* * * * * * *

"Dora, do you not think we had better include the young man next door among our guests for Wednesday evening?" Miss Matilda asked of her niece. "Bob can call there the day before, and your father will think the acquaintance has sprung up entirely through him."

"We certainly owe him a civility, aunt, and I think your suggestion a very good one," Dora answered quietly, though her heart beat high with pleasant anticipations.

Antonio Sardi, which proved to be Romeo's proper name, lost no time in writing an acceptance of Miss Leonard's kind invitation for Wednesday. Dora, reading his polite note at the breakfast table, left the envelope lying unheeded near her father's plate.

Later, while the two ladies were discussing the important question of flowers for the auspicious evening, Mr. Leonard entered the room with a torn envelope in his hand.

"What induced Bob to strike up a friendship with the young scamp next door? He might have been better employed during his short holiday," he began.

"Oh, papa, he is not a scamp! He—" Dora stopped suddenly.

"Then what right has he to make use of that seal? Look! Is it not a facsimile of your grandfather's? This fellow had some foolish idea of appearing well connected, but has unfortunately stolen a seal that is very familiar to us. I will inquire into this, and speak to Bob; one cannot be too cautious with these foreigners."

The old gentleman's investigation concerning the seal threw the Leonard family into the greatest excitement. On questioning young Sardi he told a clear, succinct story of his past life and parentage. His father, an Italian of noble family, had married an English lady, whom he deserted shortly after the birth of their only child. They heard of his death in Russia afterward, and a few years later his mother died also, leaving him—Antonio—alone in the world. It was his mother's crest that he had used upon the note addressed to Miss Leonard; it was strange that it should so resemble the seal of the Leonard family.

"Did your mother ever speak of friends in England?"

"Rarely; the subject seemed to her a most painful one, and I never broached it."

"What was her name?" Mr. Leonard asked, his voice trembling with emotion.

"Gertrude Ramsay."

"Why did not all this dawn upon me before? Boy, if your story is true, you are the son of our beloved little Gertrude, who left us long ago, and whose loss I have never ceased to mourn. Come with me; the others should rejoice with us in the return of the wanderer."

Every doubt of Antonio's identity was soon removed, and the foreign cousin was treated as an honored guest among his new-found friends, to whom he endeared himself through many charming traits of character.

"We have to thank Bob for a most agreeable addition to our family party," said Mr. Leonard, gazing on the group assembled about the fire one evening.

"Thank rather Bob's monkeys, papa," said Dora, slyly.

"Monkeys! What do you mean?"

The story of the rescued plate was obliged to be told then and there; but Mr. Leonard found it impossible to be angry after all that had happened, and a hearty laugh ended the awkward secret.

In gaining a cousin Mr. Leonard was obliged to part with his daughter, for the love that had silently sprung up long before between Dora and Romeo would hide itself no longer, and, when Bob came home for his Christmas holidays, a grand event took place—the first bird flew from the parent nest, and Dora went with her dark-eyed lover and husband to see the bright skies of his native land.

Our Young Hero.

Some years ago a gentleman from White county, Illinois, was returning from New York city to his home.

While on an Ohio river steamer one evening quite a number of the passengers were seated around the cabin stove as it was in the winter time. They were, as is usually the custom on such occasions, telling of personal adventures with the Indians and elsewhere. Among the number was a young man who had been almost impatiently waiting his "turn" to tell his exploits. The eventful time had come and he began thus:

"I was down in Florida some years ago during the time when the Indians were so troublesome, and scalped and killed so many of the settlers. We were getting tired of it. So we formed a company of about fifty men, some of us quite young, however. We made an attack on a band of Indians about twice our number near the head waters of the Kissimee river. After considerable bushwhacking they began to get the best of our men, and one by one they fell till I seeing no possible hope, turned and ran, and, after some difficulty made good my escape. When I got back to the settlement I found that I was the only man that had lived to tell the dreadful story, all else being killed."

At this period the passengers expressed considerable surprise. To strengthen it the narrator said:

"That was one of the times you read about, too."

One of the listeners, a man perhaps fifty years of age, was sitting opposite the hero, with his hat pulled down over his eyes. After the young man had finished the old man gave a yawn, and remarked:

"Yes, this is solid truth. I know it to be a fact, for I was there myself."

"Well," said an attentive listener, "but he says every man was killed but himself. So how can that be?"

"Oh! that is easy enough. Why, I was killed, myself," replied the old man.

Upon this unexpected remark the young narrator sprang to his feet very much excited, at the same time eyeing the intruder sternly and saying:

"I hope you don't think I am lying?"

"Oh, no, certainly not," replied the aged man, "and I hope you don't think *I am*."

This remark settled our young hero: he left the cabin to be heard no more in exploits.

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Horn Todes.

Hop todes and horn todes is two kinds, con the hop todes thay hops, but the horn chap he lies on a rock in the warm and shets his oys up rool slo an sollem, much as to say, "Lyin on the stumk of my belly is good enoughpe athletticle xercize for a feller which aint a goin for to be a show." But Billy he can turn a hanspring, and once there was aman which cude wock on a rope.

Jack Brily, which is the wicked sail (swears on evry thing), he says one time he was a ship rweck on the coast of Madigasker an the ony frate sayod was a horn tode. So Jack he sed to the other sailers, "Now ship mates, we got to do something for a livin or els we have to eat the second mate, wich shall it be?"

Then the second mate he spoke up and said, "An industrous caracter is the king of gettin rich."

So Jack he sed a other time, "Very wel, then, we wont dol a way our time in dining off of one a other but wil pitch in for to 'ern our bred by the swet of our broughs. We will make this horntode a show and charge the natif niggers ten cents for to see him."

So they made a circus tent out of the mainsle and Jack he painted a signe wich was this way:

THE VONDERFLEST SHOW WICH IS IN THE WORLD!
Only 10 Cents for to Git In.
III THE LIVIN CACTUS!!!
This a stonishin Freak of Nature and Vestidge of Creation was giv to Queen Victoria by the King of Arizody, but got a way an come here in 2 ships.
Brother to the Fossle Rhinnocerious, and Firs Cusin to the Preulstorric Pugwumnoly,
Scientific name—Jumboreelowwillkins.
WOCK UP! WOCK UP!
The Oilly Reptil in the World which has got Horn!!!

Won thay had got ready for the show to begin Jack he stude in the dore for to take the money, an pretty sone a big naked natif nigger he strutted up and read the sine, cos he had been teached by a mitionary preecher for to read, and then he wacked a way lookin bitty wise, and Jack he sed, "I bet that feller is the king, and I guess he has red some thing to-day wich wil teech him that kings dont know it all by adamsite."

There was no customers to the sho that day, but next morning when it was time for to begin thar was a string of natif niggers a mile long a waitin to get in, and evry nigger had a bag threw over his sholder, and the feller which had been there the day before, he was to the hed of the proceshion, and he spoke up and sed, "There aint ten cents in this howle country, but we want to see yure sho mity bad, so we tot mebby you wude take it out in trade and we have brot you the only thing which the Island produces."

Then the line mooved up and every natif nigger he empted out a bagfle of horn todes jest like the one wich was the sho. There wasent never any sech a stonish fellers like Jack an them sailers.

Won Jack tole me a bout it I ast him wot thay done, and he said, Jack did. "Wel Johnny, we dassent keep em out of the show, and we dassent let em in, and we was too brave for to run. So we jest flew."—*Little Johnny in the S. F. Wasp.*

The Disadvantages of Extracts.

The chief objection to our system of cookery is the hygienic tendency of the *essence-mania*, the concentration of nutritive elements. Ours is an age of extracts. We have moral extracts in the shape of Bible-House pamphlets; language extracts in the form of compendious grammars; exercise extracts under the name of gymnastic curriculums; air extracts in the shape of oxygen-bladders, and a vast deal of such food concentrations as Liebig's soup, fruit-jellies, condensed milk, flavoring extracts and branless flour. But, somehow or other, the old plan seems, after all, the best. In the homes of our forefathers morals were taught by example, and with very respectable results. Six years of grammar-drill in a dead language do not further a student as much as six months of conversation in a living tongue—the concrete beats the abstract. Boat-racing, wood-chopping and mountain-climbing, are healthier, as well as more pleasant, than gymnastic crank work; the diverting incidents of out-door sports which the movement cure doctor tries to eliminate are the very things that give interest and life to exercise. And, for some reasons (not so easy to define without the help of such analogies), concentrated nourishment does not agree with the nature of the human organism. The lungs find it easier to get oxygen from woodland air than from a ready-made extract and the stomach, on the whole, prefers to get its nourishment in the form for which its organism was originally adapted. *Want of bulk* makes our food so indigestible. In fruits and berries—probably the staple diet of our instinct-taught ancestors—the percentage of nutritive elements is rather small, but the residue should not be called worthless, since it serves to make the whole more digestible. A large, ripe watermelon contains about three ounces of saccharine elements, which in that combination have a mildly aperient effect, while in the form of glucose candy they would produce constipation, heart burn and flatulence. The coarsest bran bread is the most digestible, and to the palate of an unprejudiced child also far more attractive than the smooth but chalky and insipid starchy preparations called baker's bread.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Singing Beggars.

I.

I heard two beggars singing to-day;
Two beggars, clutching from the throng
Grudged alms. No soul was in their song.
Beasts hungered, scourged by cruel thong,
Were like them as they shrunk along;
Such wild, fierce choristers were they.

II.

I heard two beggars sing again,
They sang of love when day was done;
They sang to sleep their little one.
Such sweetness through the vespers run
As glorified their lay, I won
Song's best revealment made to men.

Where the Muse Dwells.

As the staunch leaves upon some secular tree
Confront keen Autumn, green as in their prime,
And, weathering each season's varied clime,
Still to their branches cling right sturdily;
So this old house has ever manfully
Withstood the winds and buffetings of Time,
Constant in loyalty, in faith sublime,
All through our country's turbulent history.

Stern Winter cometh. All the darkening wood
Stands songless, while the gleaners homeward bear
From the gaunt fields the last of yellow sheaves.
Pause we and think, will the parable hold good?
Is there no cause for sighing, as we hear
The ominous rustle of the falling leaves?

In the Argentine Republic 14,500 men are now employed in railroad construction.

A NOVEL SIGHT.

"Pass in, gentlemen, pass in," shouted a tall, red-faced man the other evening. A dense crowd of people had gathered in front of Smith's drug store, and all were struggling with might and main to get within hearing of the speaker's voice. The latter was twisting himself backward and forward with the celerity of a jack rabbit and exclaiming with much unction and many gestures "Push ahead gentlemen! Crowd in! Jam yourselves through the door! The bigger the rush the better I like it." We finally fell in line and purchased one of the packages he was handing out. It was a neat little bottle labled Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which we have since discovered is a quick, safe, and powerful remedy for sprains and pains, and a certain cure of rheumatism.

Peter Kieffer, cor. Clinton and Bennett streets, Buffalo, was badly bitten by a horse, and applied Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which immediately relieved the pain, and in four days the wound was healed.

Thomas' Eclectric Oil is sold every where by druggists.

Mary Stuart Face Powder

Contains no mineral poison. Tint or White 25c a box at L. K. Anderson's. 11-26-1y

A SURE CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES.

By DR. FRAZIER'S MAGIC OINTMENT. Cures as if by magic: Pimples, Black Heads or Grubs, Blotches, and Eruptions on the Face, leaving the skin clear, healthy and beautiful. Also cures Itch, Salt Rheum, Sore Nipples, Sore Lips, Old, Obstinate Ulcers and Sores etc. Sold by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O. feb3-1y.

We are never so good as when we possess a joyful heart.

FITS: All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.
CANCER INSTITUTE, 931, Arch St, Phila., Pa, Go to it. Oct. 20 8m

GAIN
Health and Happiness.
How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered?
"Kidney Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?
"Kidney Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. Christian Monitor, Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?
"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood." Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief." Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Diseases after I prayed to die." Henry Ward, late Col. 69th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching?
"Kidney-Wort, (1 bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed." C. M. Tallmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease?
"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth $10 a box."—Saml Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated?
"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 16 years use of other medicines." Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria?
"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice." Dr. R. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious?
"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken." Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?
"Kidney-Wort permanently cured me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. C. Kline recommended it to me." Geo. H. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?
"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years." Elbridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it." Mrs. H. Lamoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take

KIDNEY-WORT
THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

Right to the point

The Rev. J. E. Searles, of New York, is one of the most widely-known and highly esteemed of Methodist ministers.

Mr. Searles says: "I am impressed that it is a duty I owe to those afflicted with Rheumatism, or Neuralgia, to say that a remedy has been discovered, that is indeed [illegible] marvelous success. [illegible] afflicted with Rheumatism, and suffered so severely that at times she was obliged to have morphine injected into his arm to get relief. While in this condition he discovered a remedy which effected immediate relief, and a permanent cure. He has also furnished it to many others with the same result. I have also furnished it to a number of persons suffering with Rheumatism, and the result has been immediate relief, and a permanent cure. Among others, I refer to Rev. Wm. P. Corbit, pastor of the George St. M. E. Church, New Haven, Conn., who was suffering greatly with this terrible disease. I will give you his own words as written to my son, wishing him to publish the fact for the benefit of others suffering with the same disease."

What Mr. Corbit Says:

"New Haven, July 24, 1883.

"Mr. Searles: Dear Sir:—I wish to say for the benefit of all who are suffering with Inflammatory Rheumatism, that your medicine is infallible. I suffered for two months the most excruciating torture; lost 35 pounds of flesh, and was not out of my house for a month; I heard of your remedy, and was almost instantly relieved by it. If there is a remedy for diseases of any kind, yours most certainly is for Inflammatory Rheumatism in its severest forms.

"Yours most respectfully, WM. P. CORBIT,
"Pastor George St. M. E. Church, New Haven, Conn."

Such is ATHLOPHOROS—a thorough and efficient cure for the worst cases of Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed.

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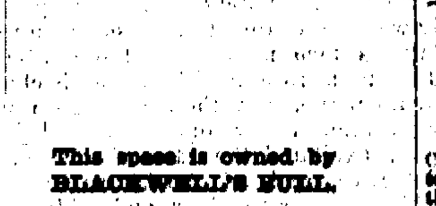
Tell the children to cut out and save the scenic silhouette pictures as they appear from issue to issue. They will be pleased with the collection.



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Of course we mean the famous animal appearing on the label of every genuine package of Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco. Every dealer keeps this, the best Smoking Tobacco made. None genuine without trade-mark of the Bull.

TIME TABLE.

(PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS R'Y.)

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Trains arrive at P. C. and St. L. Ry. Depot, at Coshocton, as follows:

GOING WEST.

	Arrive.
Express	*12:42 p. m.
Mail Express	*5:34 p. m.
Express	*12:55 a. m.
Fast Line	f8:18 a. m.
Accommodation	†6:14 a. m.

GOING EAST.

	Arrive.
Express	*1:46 a. m.
Express	*2:19 a. m.
Express	*10:10 a. m.
Fast Line	*2:12 p. m.
Accommodation	†6:58 p. m.

*Every day. †Except Sunday. f Flag Stations at which trains stop on signal for passengers only.

Local Freight going West leaves at 9:15 a. m., and carries passengers between Coshocton and Columbus. Going East leaves at 1:10 p. m., and carries passengers between Coshocton and Dennison.

Through coaches from Coshocton to Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Coshocton to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to W. H. Parrish, Ticket Agent, Coshocton, O.

Trains run by Central Standard time, which is 26 minutes slower than Coshocton time.

JAS. McCREA, Manag'r. E. A. FORD, Gen. Pass. & Tick't Ag't.

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BACKLOG PUBLISHING CO., Augusta, Maine.
Dec8-6t.

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JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher,
P. O. Box 1227. 18 Vesey street, New York.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a Treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Postoffice. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.
Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

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Hereafter will be found in the Room next to Lee & Gosser's Shoe Store.

We wish to say to our customers that in our new room our expenses now are less than any Dry Goods in Coshocton, thus enabling us to sell you goods for less money than any House in town, and we say, without fear of contradiction, that we have the best line of Goods of any house in town.

We are now in shape to handle country produce, and will pay the highest market price at all times.

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What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
'Tis Castoria.
When babies fret and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.
What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion,
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Farewell then to Morphine Syrups,
Castor Oil and Paregoric, and
Hail Castoria!

CENTAUR LINIMENT—an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.

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"We do not as a rule allow ourselves to use our editorial columns to speak of any nostrums, but Hood's Sarsaparilla is a world to conjure with, and we know it to be a medicine of merit."—Boston Weekly Journal.

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Gentlemen: I take pleasure in recommending your Kidney Wort to all who suffer as I did. My back was so lame I could not stoop down to tie up a shoe or pick up a pin without a sharp pain like a knife in the small of my back. I had to get my wife to put my boots on for me. I was also troubled with the kidney secretions being too frequent in passing, and high colored, and had a dull, heavy pain in the region of the kidneys. I used three bottles of your Kidney Wort, and it has cured me in every respect. I can now do a day's work on the farm without any inconvenience from my old lame back, and the kidney secretions have become healthy and natural. I am happy to state these facts, that others may know what a valuable medicine they have in your Kidney Wort.

Yours truly, JOHN A. FINLEY.

Sold by all druggists.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

A SPECIFIC FOR

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, CONVULSIONS, FALLING SICKNESS, ST. VITUS DANCE, ALCHONOLISM, OPIUM EATING, SYPHILLIS, SCROFULA, KINGS EVIL, UGLY BLOOD DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS WEAKNESS NERVOUS PROSTRATION, BRAIN WORRY, BLOOD SORES, BILIOUSNESS, COSTIVENESS, KIDNEY TROUBLES AND IRREGULARITIES.

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When all other remedies fail, DR. FRANKEN'S ROOT BITTERS will cure General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O feb8-1y.

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LIVERY STABLE,

In rear of Central House.

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Superintending my business in person, and keeping the best of employees, I am prepared to feed and take the best of care of horses entrusted to my charge, at reasonable rate Give me a call. B. F. SELLS.

BASKET PLUG TOBACCO

Is the best combination of the

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Investments profitably and safely made, first mortgage. All real estate advantageously handled, largely advertised. Arrangement have been made with reliable parties in Indiana, Missouri, Kansas and other States for information and sale of Western land.

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No. 21. 176 acres—Level, second bottom, clay loam and walnut soil, all under fence; about 6 acres timber; nearly all in good sod, public road bordering it. South boundary, side track of P. C. & St. L. R. R. at way station; two and one-half miles from town of 1500 inhabitants, excellent market; nursery of 1200 peach trees; comfortable houses and out buildings; easily divided in two lots. No better farm in township; price $60 per acre, if sold soon, on good payments.

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Two 20 acre lots, three 40 acre lots, good locations and good fixtures. Price, from $40 to 65, according to improvements.

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100 farms in Daviess county, Indiana. Price $20 to 30. Satisfactory information furnished

100 acres in Wright county, Iowa, 100 acres broke, 30 acres pasture, fenced; young orchard; three and one-half miles from a town of 1800 inhabitants. Owner, a young man, lived on it for several years, now engaged in business. Price, $25 per acre.

100,000 acres of unimproved land. Price from $1.25 to $10 per acre.

100 farms from 40 to 1,000 acres. Price from $15 to $30 per acre.

I will select in person 40 acre lots of unimproved tillable or prairie land in South-west Missouri at $05 per lot.

References given, a liberal patronage solicited. S. M. MOORE.

Aug.18-6m.

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300 ACRES.

Four miles from Coshocton and one mile from Keene, Ohio, on Millersburg road. 240 acres cleared, 160 acres good bottom land, 60 acres timber. Frame house 42X28 one and a half stories, with one story addition 36X18, in all 12 rooms. Frame barn 70X40, with frame basement for horses, sheep and cattle, and room above for 100 tons of hay. Two frame sheep houses 40X22, 14 foot posts. Granary and carriage house 28X18 one and a half stories. Corn crib 46X8, 9 foot posts, and all other necessary outbuildings. Also tenant house on premises. Buildings mostly new and in good repair. Plenty of living water, good fences, bearing orchards, &c. For terms call on premises, or address the subscriber,

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June23-tf.

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Everybody to know that I have bought the Shoe Shop of J. S. Stockman, and will continue (in the same room, No. 547 Main street) the manufacture of

BOOTS & SHOES,

And I ask a share of the public patronage. I will make a specialty of fitting up lasts and keeping them for all customers with bunions, corns, or any other deformity of the foot, always insuring them a comfortable fit.

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Neatly and substantially done. Please give me a call and I will do you good.

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Oct6-3m.

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Oct20-3m.

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If your Druggist is out of our pamphlets on the "Ills of Life," or if you are laboring under a disease not mentioned in it or in these advertisements, address the proprietors, S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio. (No. 4.)

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Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchisi's Italian Pile Ointment—warranted to cure or money refunded—Internal, External Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c. a Box. For sale by L. K. Anderson.

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Men's Suits in every shape and finely made,
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Only Half a Crop of Buckwheat this Season. Now Here Comes Something New!

With all the good things in this world, people still crave something new. This time it comes in the shape of a

PAN CAKE FLOUR!

Which we have lately introduced to an intelligent public, and so far all who have tried it

PRONOUNCE IT PERFECT!

Even the dyspeptic, who has so long been denied the luxury of Buckwheat Cakes for breakfast, or Flannel Cakes or Waffles for supper, says with this new Pan Cake Flour he has his hot cakes without a pang of remorse. Pan Cake Flour, with either Cold Water or Sweet Milk, will make the lightest and nicest

GRIDDLE CAKES, FLANNEL CAKES & WAFFLES

Ever baked, without Eggs, Soda, Salt, or expensive Baking Powder, and many prefer it for a Breakfast Cake to Buckwheat. Of course it is understood Eggs will improve any cake, but this Flour is good if you leave them out. Full directions on each sack. For sale by all grocers. Prepared only by

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Extensive manufacturers of the best Soda, Oyster, Butter, Water, and Sweet Fancy Biscuit and Crackers.

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COR. THIRD & SYCAMORE STS.,

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Examinations will commence promptly at

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Each applicant will be required to pay to the Board of Examiners, before entering upon examination, a fee of

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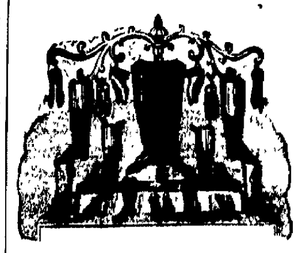

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HARDWARE,

BUGGIES and WAGONS,

—AT—

COST.

E. McDonald intends closing out his entire stock of

Hardware, Buggies and Wagons, &c.,

And will sell at Cost any article he has now on hand.

Unless this stock is sold entire to some one wishing to continue the business, his store room and shops, corner of Main and Third streets, will be for rent a can be closed out, as it is his intention to retire from the business.

Any party wishing to engage in this business will find it to their advantage to call on or address,

E. McDONALD, Coshocton, Ohio.

WATCHES

HAMPDEN WATCH CO.

TOBACCO CHEWERS

A REWARD

$555 CASH, 1,000 Imported Novelty Pocket Knives and 5,000 pounds of the Great

ZOO-ZOO

CHEWING TOBACCO

TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

EVERY CONSUMER, saving over 30 tags will be REWARDED. $100 to 1st, $50 to 2d, $30 to 3d, $20 to 4th, $10 to 5th, $5 to 10th, $2 to 20th, $1 to 30th, 100 Imported Pocket Knives worth $1 each, 15,000 pounds ZOO-ZOO Fine Tobacco, to be given in rotation, the largest number of tags returned will receive the first reward, $100 Cash, and highest, $50, and so on down to a lot, 100 ZOO-ZOO tobacco. These Christmas and New Year rewards will be distributed between December 25th and January 1st. Chew this delightful tobacco, the best ever made. Save the tags and send in by mail, between December 15th and 25th, to the

WILSON & McCLAY TOBACCO CO.

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.

Cut address out and paste on Envelope.

IS THE FINEST POUND PLUG EVER MADE.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR ZOO-ZOO.

Insist on having it and you will use no other.

TID BITS

"Delicate bit, a rarity, a choice thing"—Encyclopedia

SOLD BY STOREKEEPERS!

L. A. BARTLETT & CO., Makers, No. 115 and 117 N. Front St., Phila, Pa.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

A plate of SOLID GOLD 14 2-10 karats is soldered on each side of a plate of nickel composition metal, and the ... are then passed between polished rollers. From this plate the various ... of the cases—backs, centers, bezels, etc. ... cut and shaped by dies and formers. ... gold is thick enough to admit of all ... of chasing, engraving, and engine-turning. The composition metal gives it ... called *strength, stiffness* and *solidity*, while ... the guarantee of the manufacturers ... warranting each case to wear *twenty* years ... gives that it contains *all* the gold that ... possibly be needed. This guarantee ... given from *actual results*, as *many* of ... cases have been worn perfectly smooth ... years of use without wearing through ... gold.

DUBUQUE, IA., Dec. 11, 1880.

I have used one of your James Boss' Gold Watch ... for seventeen years. I bought it second-hand know of its having been used before I got it, ... not know how long. It looks good for ten ... longer. Did not suspect it was a filled case ... be informed by a jeweler a short time since. ... cheerfully recommend your cases to be all ... are represented to be, and more.

O. McCRANEY, *Dep. Col. Int. Rev. 3d Dis. Iowa.*

Send stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be Continued.)

...N D. NICHOLAS ..... R. W. JAMES

NICHOLAS & JAMES,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Coshocton, O.—Will promptly attend to all business in Law, Collections and all Law Business entrusted to their care.

Office: On Third St., Opposite Public Square

ARMENTS RENOVATED!

All kinds of Dyeing, Scouring and Cleaning of Gents' and Ladies' Apparel, done at the

WOOLEN FACTORY, IN ROSCOE.

... CARPETS Cleaned, Washed and Dyed, by ... eastern mechanic, who has entire charge ... department of the business. Terms, reasonable. sep8-3m.

THE ONLY WAY,

HONORABLY TO RESTORE LOSS OF VIGOR AND TO SAFELY and PERMANENTLY cure cases of SEXUAL DISEASE, even those secondary incurable; further, particular information Manhood, Wedlock, Impediments to it and their cure: fully demonstrated in the standard illustrated work "Anchor of Hope", 150 pages, ... ed., based on a German physician's experience of 30 years. Forwarded, carefully wrapped ... post-paid, to any address for 25 cts. in ... stamps.—Address GLOOK & SON, Bookseller, 218 S. High St., Columbus, O.

... FINLEY, ... F. A. WERNETT

FINLEY & WERNETT, DENTISTS.

Coshocton, O.—OFFICE: Corner Main and ... Streets, near Depot. All business ... to our care will receive prompt attention. —Dec.15'78

FARM FOR SALE.

63 Acres in Washington Township, Coshocton County.

... cleared, 135 in grass, 50 acres of bottom, ... principally Oak, Chestnut and Poplar. ... is in good condition, well watered, good ... at the kitchen door. The buildings ... of a frame house of eight rooms, a log 20X60, log stable, a grain house 21X28, ... crib and wagon shed, and other out ... buildings; 2 young orchards of apples, peaches and grapes. Two miles from New Moscow, ... Wakatomika. Convenient to church ... School. For further information address JOHN P. HAMILTON, Wakatomika, O. 24-3m.

STICKLE. SAM. H. NICHOLAS

STICKLE & NICHOLAS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

OFFICE in City Hall Building, COSHOCTON, OHIO

ARTEMUS WARD'S HOME.

Anecdotes of the Humorist's Youth.

Of all the pretty inland hamlets of Maine, and they are many, not one surpasses in picturesqueness and quiet beauty the little Village of Waterford, in Oxford County, where Charles F. Brown, better known as "Artemus Ward," was born. The place is about forty-five miles from Portland. It contains only about 100 inhabitants. It lies on the shore of a large lake known as Tom Pond, at the foot of a precipitous mountain called Mount Tire'm. The inhabitants are mostly farmers, and, as a rule, well to do. Within the limits of the township are many hills, ponds and fine trout brooks, while the crooked river manages, by hard work and strict attention to business, to wander eighteen miles in crossing the seven mile wide township. The country about Waterford is fertile, and once contained the finest belt of pine timber in Maine. Artemus liked Waterford, but not Oxford County; for he relates that within two months after a scurrilous young man had made fun of his bald head his aunt died and left him a farm in Oxford County, Me. "The human mind can picter no grater misfortin' than this."

Artemus' father died when the boy was about 14 years old, and as the family circumstances were somewhat limited thereby, he was apprenticed to Mr. J. M. Rix, who published the Coos Democrat, at Lancaster, N. H. The stage line at Lancaster ran by the Brown homestead, and the drivers were not unfamiliar with the ability of the future "genial showman" in the way of practical jokes. They knew how he organized shows, wherein his father's red cow, with a coat sleeve stuffed full of hay hanging from her nose, served as the elephant upon which innocent country youth were invited to ride with startling results. They knew, too, how old Deacon Hale's white horse had been induced to wander away for miles following a tempting bit of hay, hung just beyond reach by means of a lath strapped to the horse's neck. There was an endless series of pranks gotten up by the boy to mystify the villagers in general, and his mother in particular, and all these were well known to the stage drivers. So when the young humorist started for Lancaster, eager to know as much as possible about his future residence, the veteran driver, Steve Scary, having previously conspired with the boys in Rix's office to give young Brown a fitting reception, assured him that Mr. Rix was a pious man, and that his hands were, if anything more pious than he, and the sooner the would-be apprentice crammed on the catechism the better. Charles listened dolefully. It was late at night when the stage reached Lancaster, and in the morning young Brown hied himself to the office. The "force" consisted of a journeyman and an apprentice named Smith. They received him solemnly. The journeyman handed him a Bible and made him read a chapter, after which he was examined on the catechism. His ignorance was severely commented upon, but he was permitted to go to work. At noon a similar performance was enacted, while intense gloom rested on the office during the day. The next morning Charles went to the office resolved to run away at the end of the week, but on looking about, failed to find his fellow craftsmen. Further search revealed them under the garret stairs too intoxicated to walk. Young Brown was so angry over the sell that he wrote a note to the driver threatening vengeance, which was never carried out.

Brown's fame as a humorist was a surprise to all who knew him, and even to himself. A greater surprise to his kinsfolk now is the interest still manifested in the dead merrymaker and his work. They thought that all attention would cease with his life, but every year the number of people who visit Waterford to see his mother—now almost 80 years old—increases.

The town has changed but little since his time. The village green, about which he wrote and loved to think, is as green and pretty as ever. The old Brown homestead is still one of the best in town, and the tide of summer travel troubles the quiet streets but little.

Brown's remains are buried in Elmvale Cemetery, near, the old Emerson place. The grave is marked with a plain slab, until neglected. At the time of his burial some of his literary friends proposed getting up a monument, and did pass resolutions to that effect. The monument, though much needed, has never appeared. A copy of the resolutions was, however, sent to the grateful relatives. As usual, in such cases, all the villagers looked with much suspicion on the report of Charles' successes. Had they not always known him as a tow-headed, mischievous lad whose future they disliked to predict. But now the line engraved upon his tombstone seems to be true wherever "A. Ward's" sayings are known:

"His memory shall remain a sweet and unfading recollection."

The Superstitious Belief in "Luck."

In direct opposition to the idea of mastery through knowledge and continuous effort, we find the belief in luck, the central idea of which is that a bias in our favor may pervade events. The notion of natural order in events, followed regardless of persons, substitutes for the illusion of luck the truth of a mere coincidence between what we like and what results. Such favorable coincidences when not read aright have wrecked the lives of some men who might otherwise have developed useful powers. A careful study of such a fortunate turn of events reveals some unpleasant but irresistible facts—that a sustained favorable coincidence is very rare and likely to be of doubtful permanent value, because there is not a proper development of personal quality whereby no injury will result from prosperity. The fortunate person tries to swim in a sea of new conditions which he has not reached by a natural process of growth. The phrase "always lucky" is open to two objections not easily set aside, owing to the profound complexity of events: that the person may have skill, tact, agreeableness; and that there may be error, owing to the special or restricted view of the person judging. Belief in luck is directly and practically objectionable, because it leads to submission in matters requiring action.—*From "The Illusion of Chance," by Wm. A. Eddy, in Popular Science Monthly for Dec.*

The *Nature* reports an extraordinary case of subsidence near Bona, Nalba, an isolated mountain, more than 2,500 feet high, is slowly sinking into the bosom of the earth. A deep ditch has been made all around the ingulfed mass.

A Thousand Clusters of Grapes for One Dollar.

And grown in a city at that! Yes, and something more also. Year after year nearly, and for a third of a century, the *American Agriculturist* has urged every one having a single square yard of soil, in village or city, as well as in the country, to plant a grape-vine, and train it up against the house, on a post, or a trellis, along a fence—or anywhere in the free, untaxed air and sunlight.

Now for the grapes:—Six grape vines, part Concords and part Isabellas, were planted several years ago, two under the high trellis, and two in each side border, one near each end of the cross trellis, but back of it, and another ten feet further back. The vines are trained rearward, along the top of the side trellises and fence, to near the back of the lot; also all over the upper part of the cross trellis. The two front side vines send arms along the fence to the side of the piazza, and up and across its front. On one of these vines we have just counted two hundred and forty-six bunches of grapes, nearly all fine ones, and the dwellers tell us, "a great many have already been picked and eaten." A whole row of hanging clusters still fringes the upper front of the piazza; the cross trellis is black with them, and they abound by the bushel along the border trellises and fence. There are not less than two thousand fine bunches in all. The annual cost of having these vines trimmed and trained, and putting on a dressing of bone dust, does not exceed two dollars, which is ten-fold repaid by the shade, and the green foliage to look out upon during all the parching days. We might have headed this: "A thousand clusters of grapes for nothing!" This is a good year for grapes, but there is every year more than a large family can use.

The "Application."—A grape-vine will grow anywhere that it can get a small foot-hold in a bit of soil; it will run up on anything that its tendrils can cling to; it will help itself to sunlight and food from the air and earth. If you have a yard of ground, plant a grape-vine on it, in city, village, or country. Do it now, or certainly next spring.—*Orange Judd, in American Agriculturist for Dec.*

Is Genius Hereditary?

It has been shown by the researches of Galton, Ribot, and others, that a law of heridity exists, and is applicable to our psychological qualities. Without attempting to deny the operations of this law, it is our intention here believing that its scope has been considerably magnified, to endeavor to determine its limits in particular directions. With this object we shall confine our inquiry to two points: Is it according to a good philosophical method to explain by heridity alone all the most complex, most delicate, and most considerable phenomena of human life, when we can, with at least as much probability, bring in other causes which, though they have been much neglected, are very perceptible and even more directly observable? And is it true, as is assumed, that all the exceptions to the law of heredity, some of which, and those the most extraordinary ones, can not be accounted for by any assignable cause. Other facts in the category can equally well, perhaps better than by heridity, be explained by reference to the medium, to education, to habit, to the moral and intellectual atmosphere in which the child lives, to the force of influences to which it is subject, and to the examples that are set before it. We acknowledge that the medium can not afford an explanation of genius and can not create superior faculties; but it furnishes the opportunity for their manifestation, and reveals them where they exist. How many noble and high minds have been extinguished by unfavorable circumstances and hostile mediums! What an important part, on the other hand, may have played in the expansion of superior minds in certain favored families, by the influence of examples of the most delicate methods of investigation in questions of the natural sciences by habituation to rigorous methods in the exact sciences! Who could in such cases separate what, in the working of such different influences, is attributable, to education and what to heridity? *M. E. Cara, in Popular Science Monthly for December.*

The Lesson of Peter Cooper's Life.

In an anecdotal paper on Peter Cooper in the December *Century*, Mrs. Susan N. Carter, says: "The highest lesson taught by Mr. Cooper was the lesson of his own life. As much as, or more than any one I ever knew, Mr. Cooper solved the problem: 'Is life worth living?'

"Observing him carefully for a long series of years, it appeared that certain parts of his nature were cultivated intentionally, as the result of a wisdom which discriminated what was worth caring for from what was not worthy of pursuit. Personal ambitions or selfish aims had no weight with him, and disappointments and annoyances which would have left deep wounds with many passed off from him with scarcely an observation. He was most kind and loving; but if he was usefully employed, no domestic loss or separation from friends seemed to touch his happiness seriously. He spoke often of his preference for plain living, and his habits were as simple as those of a child. Love of pomp or display never touched him in the slightest, and he had an innocent openness of character which concealed nothing. Never, under any circumstances, did he show a particle of malignity, revenge or meanness. If people disappointed him, he passed over the wound it made and let his mind dwell on something more satisfactory. Swedenborg's phrase, 'the wisdom of innocence,' often occurred to my mind in observing Mr. Cooper. He knew what was wise and to that his heart was given. Sensitive as any young man in all works of sympathy and kindness, the mean and bad ways of the world fell off from his perception.

"So his life passed in New York and in the Cooper Union, serene, happy, and contented. With 'honor, love, obedience, hosts of friends,' he was an example and encouragement to those who had not gained the quiet heights on which his inner self habitually dwelt."

MUSIC TEACHING.

"I might have been something of a musician," said a lady, "but in my youth I was afflicted with an ill-natured music teacher, who frightened me out of all melody or capacity for learning it. It was simply torture. It disgusted me at the time with all music, and I begged my mother to let me off. She did so, and circumstances prevented me from resuming the study. It has often occurred to me that children are sometimes repelled from certain studies and accomplishments through the lack of sympathy between them and those who are hired to teach them.

WIT AND HUMOR.

I throw you a kiss, my pretty Louise,
I throw you a kiss at the door,
But your father's stern boot did the business for me,
For I couldn't turn round to throw more.

A newly married Texas man shot his bride while she was mixing her first batch of biscuits. His plea in court will probably be self defense.

A young man who proposed to his girl and was met with the reply, that she "couldn't see it," is more than ever convinced that love is blind.

"What will stick closer to a man than a good, true wife?" asks a correspondent. A porous plaster will crowd her for the honors, young man.

"Yes," said he, apologetically, "I said the policeman was drunk, but did not mean to state it as a fact. I merely made the remark on general principles."

A Rockland man who had been drinking, went home the other night and growled so at his wife that she called him her sour mash. He said that if she called him that again he'd liquor.

The following beautiful description of a sunset scene in Georgia is from the Macon *Telegraph*: "The rosy heels of day, as he racks down the western turnpike, have been greatly admired by the ladies lately."

It is estimated that over 500,000 tons of paper are made in this country every year, and yet the man who shaves himself has to look around for over fifteen minutes before he can find a piece that he dare wipe his lather on.

A Philadelphia paper says it is cruelty to animals for a woman to jump up on a table and yell like a wild Indian when a mouse or a rat appears. The poor little animals are often frightened into fits.

Lady visitor: "Is your mistress at home?" Servant (religiously inclined) "Yes, mum, but she is too busy to see you." Lady visitor; "Then she is not at home." Servant; "Fact is, mum, I can't lie under $20 a month—and I won't."

The cashier of a western bank was recently blown away by a cyclone, and has not been heard from since. He must be hopping mad that the cyclone did not let him know in advance what an opportunity he was going to have.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"I notice," said Brown, who is a bird fancier, "that ravens have been successfully used instead of carrier pigeons at Coblentz, on the Rhine." "O, that is nothing," said Smith, "sparrows have been successfully used instead of reed birds in Philadelphia restaurants."

Could conjugal affection be more strictly displayed than it is in the subjoined: "And so, doctor, you think my wife will get well?" "I am sure of it if you can persuade her to take this dose." "Doctor, take it she shall, if I have to break every bone in her body."

"O, Amerikaw, Amerikaw! How I love you—Fifty cents all around, please. American women are very beautiful. Fifty cents more all around, please. I have purchased a house in New York and shall make this country my home—Fifty cents more," etc. That is what our European visitors are giving us.

What right has Professor Young to spoil any vacation plans by saying that a railroad train travelling at the rate of forty miles an hour without stops would be more than 365 years in reaching the sun, and at the low rate of one cent a mile the fare would be $950,000?—*Lowell Courier.*

A young man who had four times proposed to the same girl, and as many times been rejected, finally became nettled. "You ought to go on the stage," he remarked with a sneer. "On the stage; why?" she inquired. "Because you are an excellent sleight-of-hand performer;" was the reply.

An Indianapolis woman is suing for a divorce because her husband muzzled her with a base ball mask, and yet if base ball masks were fashionable she would have worried the life out of him in her endeavors to persuade him to buy her one. This is a world of queer contraries.

The old way the best. Professional beauty (to husband):—They needn't tell me about the improvements in photography. Why, here's one of them patent, instantaneous photographs I had taken yesterday, and it isn't half as purty as the one I had taken in Flatbush twenty-five years ago.—*The Judge.*

When a young man goes to a place to engage board and discovers the motto, "Give Us this Day our Daily Bread," hanging above the door of the dining room, he wonders if this is not a plaintive request from the hungry boarders to the landlady, and hesitates before making the fearful plunge.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"I was to be married, you know," said Blooms to his friend Clarke, "but I g-guess its off, you know, for good." "How is that?" asked Clarke. "This way," replied Blooms. "She s-said she would marry me when all impediments were r-removed." "Yes." "Well I asked her last night if they were—aw—not all r-removed, you know, and she s-said 'no,' I s-still s-stutter."

Oh, horror! it is reported that an English nobleman is about to take steps to get a divorce from his American wife. After all the trouble that the dear creatures have been to to secure titled spouses, it is really too bad if they are going to lose them through the vulgar instrumentality of the divorce court.

"I thought," said the senior Borgles, as he produced a suspicious looking flat bottle from his son's valise, "that there was nothing but your surgical instruments in this bag." "That's what I said, dad." "Then, sir, what do you call this?" "That? Oh, that's my eye opener, dad; very useful instrument, very useful; indispensible, I assure you."

"Pa," said Rollo, looking up from "Roughing It," "what is gold-bearing quartz?" "Well, my son," replied Rollo's father, who was glancing in a troubled manner at the milkman's bill for November, "when a man sells diluted water for 9 cents a quart, I think he has struck much better gold bearing quarts than ever Mr. Mark Twain dreamed of."

A Sunday-school teacher, being anxious to test the mental powers of his not over-intelligent pupils, asked them to give him their idea of to-morrow after giving the subject a week's thought. On the following Sunday he put the question to one of the scholars who promptly replied, "To-morrow was cast into the oven," which was certainly according to Scripture.—*Harper's Bazar.*

On seeing a farm laborer astride a gate, never say that he rides with a good style. Never call a turnpike-keeper the Colossus of roads. Never refer to a hedge as one which has a stiff stake in the bank, nor call a bolter a court of a peal. Never speak of two hedge-carpenters putting up palings as two fellows fencing in a field. Never, in speaking of trees, joke about making a bough or turning over a new leaf. A love of racing is not to be described as a thing of course, nor an angler as one who deserves the rod for taking such a line. Never allude to a man on a bridge as taking a place among his peers. Such jokes are considered somewhat antiquated.

Not long since a native of the Fiji Islands presented himself to a missionary and humbly begged to receive the rite of baptism. "But," objected the priest, "you are a polygamist, you have several wives." "Only two." "That is one too many." "Good; I will get rid of one of them." "Keep the one you have lived the longest with." "No, I prefer the other, she is younger." "As you please." Eight days after the savage returned to the priest, with his face radiant with innocent joy. "Now, Father," he said, "you can baptise me." "You have only one wife now?" "Only one, on my word." And he pointed to a pleasant looking young woman who accompanied him. "And what became of the other?" asked the priest. "O, I ate her!"

An Idyl of the Kitchen.

In brown Holland apron she stood in the kitchen;
Her sleeves were rolled up, and her cheeks all aglow;
Her hair was coiled neatly, when I, indiscreetly,
Stood watching while Nancy was kneading the dough.

Now who could be neater, or brighter, or sweeter,
Or who hum a song so delightfully low,
Or who look so slender, so graceful, so tender,
As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the dough?

How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed it, caressed it
And twisted and turned it, now quick and now slow.
Ah, me, but that madness I've paid for in sadness!
'Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the dough.

At last, when she turned for her pan to the dresser,
She saw me and blushed, and said shyly:
"Please go,
Or my bread I'll be spoiling, in spite of my toiling,
If you stand here and watch while I'm kneading the dough."

I begged for permission to stay. She'd not listen;
The sweet little tyrant said: "No, sir! no! no!"
Yet when I had vanished on being thus banished,
My heart stayed with Nancy while kneading the dough.

I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in fancy,
Your heart, love, has softened and pitied my woe,
And we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen,
Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the dough.

—John A. Fraser, Jr.

Utility of Natural Gas.

In view of the fact that operations are soon to commence in Coshocton for the purpose of boring for natural gas, the following concerning its utility, as viewed by the Philadelphia Ledger is of interest:

The use of natural gas in the iron works of western Pennsylvania is being rapidly extended, as it offers many advantages, besides cheapness, over coal. Natural gas was first used as an experiment about ten years ago, and for some years there were only one or two establishments that employed it for fuel. Recently, however, mains have been laid to Pittsburg, and at present many private residences and stores, as well as iron works are supplied with it by companies organized for the purpose. The greatest undertaking of the kind is that about to be tried in running the Edgar Thomson steel works with natural gas. The supply seems inexhaustible, but may, of course, fail at any time; but even in the event of failure the apparatus required for its use may be employed with coal gas fuel. There is such enormous waste in burning coal direct that many chemists anticipate in the near future that solid fuel will be abandoned for most purposes, and gas made from its distillation, or in gas producing furnaces, be used in its place, as is now done in many instances The present experiments with natural gas may hasten the day when people living in less favored neighborhoods shall resort to gaseous fuel artificially produced.

Nowcomerstown.

The Lutheran Sunday School gave a beautiful Christmas service last Sunday evening, and in spite of the bad weather a good sized audience gathered. The church was nicely decorated with evergreen and ivy and appropriate mottos were placed around the room. The service consisted of responsive readings, hymns and recitations, and the children of the school carried the program through nicely. Just before the closing hymn a feature was introduced in the service that had not been introduced on the program, and it was a complete and pleasant surprise to all. At a certain moment the door in the rear of the congregation opened and a young couple dressed in wedding attire, marched down the aisle toward the altar, and before the congregation realized that they had been treated to a wedding. the happy pair were made man and wife, and passing up the aisle on the opposite side of the church, departed as silently as they came. The whole affair did not last to exceed three minutes, but every one present will say that they never saw a ceremony performed more neatly than this, and this only goes to prove Rev. Summer's proficiency in tying marriage knots. The happy couple were Mr. Charles Smghaus and Miss Cora Tufford. The newly married pair have the best wishes of our community for abundant success through life.

Monday night all the Sunday Schools were treated to good things as is customary on Christmas eve. The M. E Sunday School rendered the Christmas Cantata entitled "Catching Chris Cringle," in their church, and a large audience assembled to hear them. At the close old Santa Claus distributed the treat to the happy children. The Lutheran Sunday School and Church held their annual reunion supper and treat in the church, and never before in the whole history of that church here was there a more general and happy gathering in one place, of parents and children. The banquet hall in the rear of the church was filled with provisions and about two hundred persons were fed free of charge. The children received in addition to their usual treat of candies, large chromo cards. A pleasing feature of the evening's enjoyment was the presentation or a handsome lounge to the pastor, by the people of the church. The Presbyterian Church gave a handsome treat to the children. The M. P. School deferred their treat until Tuesday evening, when the Christmas cantata "Birth of Christ" was rendered in Crater's Hall, and at the close of this the children received their supply of candies and nuts.

The High School held their annual banquet at Crater's Hall Thursday evening of this week. It was well patronized and a success both financially and socially.

Rev. Dr. Ort, President of Wittenburg College at Springfield, O., will conduct communion services at the Lutheran Church next Sabbath morning at 10.30 o'clock. He will also deliver a discourse in the evening of that day. DOANE.

HAVE YOUR LUMBER SAWED NOW.

I have just purchased a new eighteen horse power saw-mill from the well-known John H. McNamara, of Newark, Ohio, and within ten days or two weeks will be prepared to saw all kinds of lumber. Mill located first on farm of Mr. Wm. Orr. For information call at mill or address

22-4t JOHN KUHN, Warsaw.

Merited Success.

Dr. Hartman & Co— Gents: Peruna sells very well here. I have ordered several dozen bottles since your agent was here
W. W. STEELE & CO.
Chillicothe, Ohio.

Am selling your Peruna. It gives universal satisfaction
G. W. BARERE, Hillsboro Ohio.

Trade splendid on Peruna. We never sold a medicine that gave better satisfaction,
D. REED & SON, Pomeroy, Ohio.

The case of medicine you sent me came all right, and is doing me good Others think so to who have tried. Please send me a dozen bottles of Peruna.
ROBERT LOGAN Topeka Kan.

Your Peruna sells fast, and gives good satisfaction.
J. C. SANDERS, Martinsburgh, Pa.

This great medicine can be found at all drug stores. Ask for it. Also the book on the "Ills of Life"

The ills which flesh is heir to are more often due to impurities of the blood than is generally supposed The purification of this vital fluid enables the system to ward off its worst enemies. There is no doubt that Hood's Sarsaparilla is one of the best blood purifyers in the world, and we feel confident that those who give it a trial will not be dissappointed. Dec. 15-1t

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

MISS ELLA LYTTLE, a sprightly young girl of Martin's Ferry, died Sunday from the effects of an abortion, said to have been performed by Dr. Hinerman at the instance of Thomas Williams the girl's seducer. The Dr. and Williams have both fled. The girl and her lover are both of good families.

THE Guernsey Times says that "Rev. J. W Barber, formerly stationed over the A. M. E church at this place, has abandoned his ministerial calling, and is now a student at the Columbus Medical College. A Cambridge physician saw him in the college dissecting rooms recently engaged in the work of dissecting the corpse of a colored man. This is evidently more congenial work for the whilom preacher than binding up souls "

A LETTER from Dennison says that the town and vicinity are in the hands of thieves and that robberies and burglaries are almost of nightly occurrence. Wm. Dawson was met on the street late at night, knocked down and robbed of a valuable silver watch and $25 in cash, and was then thrown over in the gutter. Wm. Devine, a P. C. & St. L. R. R. engineer, was also knocked down while he was crossing the bridge in western part of town, and the thieves stole his gold watch, worth about $150, and about $70 in money About an hour afterwards a German was assaulted and robbed of $40 in cash near a butcher shop, and two drug stores were broken into, it is thought, by the same gang, and valuable goods taken. These frequent robberies and burglaries have so aroused our citizens that a special police force will be put on at once. Private citizens and business men will now go armed to the teeth.

ZANESVILLE is experiencing some excitement over the arrest of two of its citizens, which grew out of the temperance question. Mr. W. H. Brown, President of the Brown Manufacturing Company, swore out a warrant for the arrest of a man named Ashe, charging him with selling whisky on Sunday. To retaliate, the saloon keeper had Brown arrested under the provisions of an old time ordinance prohibiting the blowing of steam whistles with n the corporation. It is claimed that Brown has caused his steam whistle to be blown seven times a day for a number of years, and if he should be found guilty as charged, and fines assessed for each violation, the total would be $25,000. It is probable, however, that Brown will not be fined, because the ordinance is obsolete, and therefore should not be enforced; while the saloon keeper wilfully violated a law that should be enforced and the offender placed in jail.

THE little village of Danville, just over the Knox county line, is in a turbulent condition because of a religious war. For more than a year there have been periodical outbreaks among the Catholic ranks there, and sometimes between the Catholics and Protestants. The cause of the present trouble is thus related by a correspondent: "A school has been organized by the church here, and the Rev. Father Moltner chose for teacher, a man whom the people consider incompetent, and as he had been refused several times certificates to teach in the public schools by the county examiners, it seems as if their objections were very well founded. As a natural result the school has been very poorly patronized. The priest becoming enraged at the so-called stubbornness of the people, took occasion a few Sundays ago to make a public expression in regard to the matter, and after concluding the service he advanced to the front of the chancel and opened fire. The people who had children were abused and called all manner of disrespectful names because they refused to send their children to the church school, and the people who had no children were likewise abused because they had none. So much feeling has been engendered by the abusive language of his people, that petitions are being circulated throughout the parish and freely signed, addressed to the Bishop and asking for Father's Moltner's removal."

HUMAN BLOOD—On the purity and vitality of the blood depend the vigor and health of the whole system. Disease of various kinds is often only the sign that nature is trying to remove the disturbing cause. A remedy that gives life and vigor to the blood, eradicates scrofula and other impurities from it as Hood's Sarsaparilla undoubtedly does, must be the means of preventing many diseases that would occur without is use. Sold by dealers.

Women Who Tell Their Ages.

The common objection among womankind to letting their ages be known is not shared by the ladies of Japan, who actually display the facts as to their age in the arrangement of their hair. Girls from 9 to 15 wear their hair interlaced with red crape, describing a half-circle round the head, the forehead being left free with a curl at each side. From 15 to 30 the hair is dressed very high on the forehead, and put up at the back in the shape of a fan or butterfly, with interlacings of silver cord and a decoration of colored balls. Beyond 30, a woman twists her hair round a shell pin placed horizontally at the back of the head. Widows also designate themselves, and whether or not they desire to marry again. One may compare with this remarkable hirsute honesty of the Japanese a story told in one of the American papers of the reluctance of American women to adopt any such candid policy. A theatrical manager was producing a farce in which one of the characters was to be a bald woman, and it so happened that the actress who was cast for the part had no hair on the top of her head. But, instead of availing herself of this natural advantage, she wore a wig over the bare spot, and laid thereon some palpably false baldness.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Federal Republic of Europe.

There are indications all over Europe which are ominous for the reigning monarchies. England is a republic in all but name, France is one beyond all peradventure, while in Germany, Italy and Spain, the great body of the populations are republicans in theory. A change will probably come over Europe soon after Kaiser William's death. The kingdom of Sweden is even now shaken by a popular democratic agitation. King Oscar, a descendant of the French adventurer Bernadotte, has repeatedly set at defiance the popular will as expressed through the Norway Storthing. And as a consequence there is a determination on the part of that nation to asserts its rights against autocratic rule. King Oscar may yet lose his crown if not his head, for he has violated the fundamental law, by making the same pretensions which cost Charles I. of England his life. There are stirring times ahead for the peoples of Europe.—*Demorest's.*

The *Scientific American* describes the method by which the great cables of the Pittsburg (Pa.) Suspension Bridge was lately repaired. When a defective piece of wire was found it was cut out and a new piece of wire nicely spliced in so as to bear the strain it ought to sustain and no more. When the wires were renewed the whole was coated with linseed oil and then with white lead.

In a recent speech at Liverpool a member of Parliament, advocating the emigration of pauper children, said that 95 per cent. of those sent to Canada by the Sheltering Home were known to be doing well. The sending them had cost $75 a head, while the cost of pauper children at home was $600 a head.

Articles Eaten in Modern Plays.

"When Clara Morris, Modjeska or Bernhardt sit down to the supper in 'Camille,'" said the manager, "a layout of real viands and sparkling champagne must be provided that sometimes cost for a single performance as high as $35 to $40. Six persons sit at the table in that scene, and when the star is a paying actress, like any I have mentioned, we can afford to provide a costly spread. Of course an ordinary actress won't get a $25 table in 'Camille.' About $10 or $12 is a fair average for a single lay-out for this play. In Herne's 'Hearts of Oak' a very pretty supper is a feature in one of the acts. The dishes come on steaming hot and the actors sit down to the tables and eat with appetites that suggest the possibility of their having foregone the regular vesperal meal at the hotel for the sake of eating it on the stage. This spread costs from $6 to $8 a performance. In 'As You Like It' the chaps who banquet in the Forest of Arden have a real meal set before them, and in dozens of other plays palatable viands are provided for the performers."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

No Mystery to Him.

A stubbed farmer, who had come to market with a load of potatoes, entered a restaurant near the Central Market and called for a dozen oysters on the half-shell. A couple of jokers happened to be in the place, and while one attracted the farmer's attention for a moment, the other dropped a bullet into one of the oyster shells. The man gulped down one after another until he got the one with the bullet in his mouth. Calmly and quietly he bit at the lead with his teeth—calmly and quietly he removed it from his mouth and turned to the light.

"By George! but it's a bullet!" cried one of the men.

"Probably shot into the oyster to kill him," added the other.

"Well, that is a mystery!" said the man behind the counter.

"Gentlemen, that is no mystery to me," replied the farmer, as he deposited the ball in his vest pocket. "At the battle of Fair Oaks, over twenty years ago, I was hit in the leg by that very bullet. It's been a long time working up, but she's here at last, and I'll have it hung to my watch chain if it costs $5."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Mortgage.

We worked through spring and winter, through summer and through fall,
But the mortgage worked the hardest and the steadiest of them all;
It worked on nights and Sundays, it worked each holiday;
It settled down among us, and it never went away.
Whatever we kept from it seemed almost as bad as theft;
It watched us every minute, and it ruled us right and left.
The rust and blight were with us sometimes, and sometimes not;
The dark-browed, scowling mortgage was forever on the spot.
The weevil and the cutworm, they went as well as came;
The mortgage stayed forever, eating hearty all the same.
It nailed up every window, stood guard at every door,
And happiness and sunshine made their home with us no more,
Till with failing crops and sickness we got started upon the grade,
And there came a dark day on us when the interest wasn't paid;
And there came a sharp foreclosure, and I kind o' lost my hold,
And grew weary and discouraged, and the farm was cheaply sold.
The children left and scattered, when they hardly yet were grown;
My wife she pined and perished, an' I found myself alone.
What she died of was "a mystery," and the doctors never knew;
But I know she died of mortgage—just as well as I wanted to.
If to trace a hidden sorrow were within the doctor's art,
They'd found the mortgage lying on the woman's broken heart.
Worm or beetle, drought or tempest, on a farmer's land may fall,
But for first-class ruination, trust a mortgage 'gainst them all.

—Will M. Crleton.

Much distress and sickness attributed to dyspepsia and chronic diarrhoea is occassioned by humor in the stomach. Hoods sarsaparilla is the remedy.

J. J. BROWER, M. D.,

Treats all kinds of Chronic Diseases. Also makes a specialty of the Diseases of Women and Children. Office and residence,

Corner Walnut St. and Burt Ave, Coshocton.

Office Hours—From 7 to 9 A. M., 12 to 2 P. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Winter is upon us and we must have warm CLOTHING.
To get the advantage of a large Assortment,
To get the benefit of the LOWEST PRICES,
To get the best Goods for your money,
To get the Latest and best Styles,
To get the Best Made and Best Fitting CLOTHING,
To get the extra TEN PER CENT. Discount,

BUY YOUR

Men's, Boy's and Children's

Suits & Overcoats,

Hats, Caps, Shirts, Underwear, Hosiery, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Red Flannel Shirts and Drawers, Neckwear, &c.,

AT

A. BERKOWITZ,

Old Norris Block, - - - - - - - - - - Main Street.

MEASURING,

COUNTING,

AND

Marking Down

Hundreds of Dollars worth of Goods at the

Bee-Hive

This week, to close them cut before invoicing, January 1st, 1884.

Some goods at 75 cents on the dollar
" " 60 " " "
" " 50 " " "
" " 25 " " "

If you can not come to our Store this week come on Monday and get the benefit of our closing out Prices and see that the distribution of prizes is fare and impartial. If our store room is too small to hold the crowd we will have our drawing take place in CITY HALL, at 4 o'clock,

MONDAY,

Dec. 31, 1883.

We offer 25 bolts of 8 cent Muslin at 6 cents per yard, by the bolt only.

OUR

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Handles all kinds of Country Produce. Bring in what you have to sell and get anything you want in Dry Goods or Groceries.

Bee Hive

RED HOT

Are the Sales at the Great Clothing Emporium of

DAVE & IKE.

They are Selling more Goods under the Square Dealing Plan than was thought possible.

If you want Christmas Presents of substantial value you can not do better than at our Store.

DAVE & IKE,

PALACE CLOTHING HOUSE,

FORBES BLOCK,

MAIN STREET, COSHOCTON, OHIO.

Our Generation's Changes.

There are thousands of people living in this country to-day who never expected slavery and other fixed institutions to be brought to an end in their days and generation. Those wrongs to a down-trodden race were deemed invincible, but yet one generation has seen them blotted out, and now the present one sees just as great evils confronted with an army just as strong as ever waged war for the benefit of the oppressed. Change is written everywhere. The ills and woes of mankind are claiming attention, and the coming generation can erect a monument over many of the flourishing evils of to-day. In no position is there more advancement being made than in the science of medicine Physicians are learning to practice common sense as well as medicine. They are beginning to prescribe Peruna for a large number of complaints of mankind and with astonishing success. They should keep on in the good work and the end is assured. Send for the book on the "Ills of Life" and for a bottle of Peruna, to Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus Ohio.

MARKETS.

Coshocton Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by D. H. Morlley, Grocer, R. R. Corner.

Apples, green, per bushel	100
Apples, dried, per pound	5 to 6
Butter, per pound	20
Bacon, sides, per pound	10
Beans, per bushel	2 40 to 250
Beeswax, per pound	15
Chickens, per pair, spring	30
Corn Meal, per sack	25 to 50
Dried peaches, pared, per lb	10
Eggs per dozen	25
Flour per sack	1 55
Flour by Patent Process	1 65
Hams per pound Country	12
Honey per pound	15
Lard per pound	10
Onions, per bushel	40
Onion Sets, per bush	2 50
Potatoes per bushel new	40
Peaches, dried, per pound	6 to 8
Shoulders per pound	8 to 8½
Salt per barrel	1 40
Tallow per pound	6 to 7

Subject to changes during the week.

Coshocton Grain Market.

WHEAT—Per bushel, white, old	$1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, red, old	1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, new	1 00
CORN—	50
OATS—	35
RYE—	65
FLOUR—Per Barrel, XXX	16 45
Per Sack, XX	1 55
MEAL—Per Bushel	90
BRAN—Per hundred	90
SHORTS—	1 00
CORN and OATS CHOP—	1 50
PATENT FLOUR—per sack	1 75

Pittsburg Market.

Corrected especially for the Coshocton AGE by R. Beatty, Son & Co., 163 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Wholesale Produce Commission House, established 1880, receive and sell all kinds Country Produce, Domestic and Foreign Fruits and Vegetables. Shippers and country dealers having seasonable produce, etc., for sale, are invited to consign or correspond.

Country Produce.

APPLES—New, Choice, per bll, 3 00a3 25 good, 2 75a3 00; medium, 2 00a1 75.

APPLE BUTTER—per gal, 50a55c; Apple Jelly, 8a 7c per lb.

BUTTER—Dairy, 21a23c; "Gilt Edge," 23a 25c; Creamery, 30a30c; Choice Roll, 22a20c; Extra Choice Roll, 23a21c; Medium, 12a10c.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, 10a11c; do quarters, 61-2a7c; Peaches, halves, 8a9c; re do, 15a18c; pitted Cherries, 20a22c; Rasberries, 28a30c; Blackberries, 9a10c; per lb for all.

FEATHERS—Live Geese, per lb, 70a65c Mixed, 55a50c.

EGGS—Strictly Fresh, 29a30; pickled 24a25.

HONEY.—York State 21 to 20; White Clover 20to22; Buckwheat 18a19.

ONIONS—Onions 100 a125 per bbl.

POULTRY—Live chickens 40 a50 c per pair for large; small chickens per pair 35a40; live turkeys per lb. 9a10c dressed chickens per lb, 11a13c; dressed turkeys 14a15c dressed duck 12a 15c.

POTATOES—Early rose, per bush. 50a45 cts; Burbank 50 a 45c; other varieties 45c.

RAGS—Cotton, White, per lb, 2½c; Cotton, Mixed, 2a2½c; Woolen, 1-4a½c.

SEEDS—Timothy per bushel, 1 50a1 60 Clover, 550a5 75, for small; 5 75a6 00 for large.

TALLOW—Country 7a7½c; Beeswax 23a25c per lb.

Grain, Flour, Feed, Etc.

WHEAT—Prime Red Winter, 1 10a112; Medium, 1 08a110.

CORN—High mixed Shelled, 65a66; Yellow Shelled, 50a58; Ear Corn, 60a62

OATS—40a41c for white, 35a37c for mixed.

RYE—Choice, 60a62.

BARLEY—80a90 for Prime North-western Spring; 75c.a80 for Medium.

FLOUR—Fancy Patents, spring and winter. 7 50a7 25;; Fancy St. Louis, winter, 7 50a7 25 Fancy Family White Amber and Winter, 6 00 a6 25; Choice Family, choice red winter, 6 00a 6 75; XX Family, medium winter, 5 50a5 75 XXX Bakers, Minnesota, 6 25a6 00; XX Bakers Wisconsin, 6 00a6 25; Cornmeal, 75a90c in paper. Oatmeal—medium brand—7 25a8 00 per bbl; Fancy, 7 75a8 00. Rye Flour, 4 50a4 25; buckwheat flour 3a3.

MILL FEED—White Middlings, 20 00a 2300; Coarse, do, 15 00a 18 00; Seconds, 1600a18 50;

HAY—Prime Timothy, baled, at 11 00a12 00 per ton Prime New Loose, 11 00a14 00 Prarie 8 00a8 50

Live Stock Market.

East Liberty Dec 27.

Considering the demoralization of business incident to the season, the market to-day, though heavy and discouraging generally was as good as expected. Good cattle were steady, but common grades of all kind were, 1-4 to 1-2 c off last week's prices. The feeling in the hog markets was a little better here, and the pens were pretty well cleared, but the temper of trade in this product was heavy at other points, notably so in the West. The run was fair. The run of sheep was light, and the market off 1-4c from last week's quotations, and there were some left unsold in the pens.

Cattle—Extra shipping, 6 00a6 50; common butchers' 5 00a5 50; feeders, 4 00a4 50; cows and bulls, 2 75a4 25.

Hogs—Philadelphias, 5 90a6 10; Yorkers 5 40a5 60.

Sheep—Extra, 110 to 120 pounds 4 75a5 00; good, 95 to 100 pounds, 4 00a4 25; fair 80 to 90 pounds, 3 50a4 00; common to fair 60 to 65 pounds, 3 00a3 50; lambs, 4 00a5 50;

Chicago Grain Market

WHEAT—991-8.
CORN—611-2.
OATS—33 3-8.

New York Grain Market.

WHEAT—No 2 red $1.13.
CORN—No 2, 64½.
OATS—44.

New Year is Coming

AND

so are the People Coming by the Hundreds to

Wright & Stanford's

TO BUY

Something useful as well as ornamental,
Something that pleases the Wife and the Daughter,
Something that Tickels the Little Boy,
A Pair of Red Top Boots,
A Pair of Fine Kid Shoes,
A Pair of Slippers.
There are presents that can be appreciated by all.
We have a large assortment of

Ladies', Gent's and Boy's

SLIPPERS,

Ladies', Misses and Children's shoes of all styles. We still have a large stock of the Celebrated

BREWSTER BOOTS.

Also, a complete stock of

Rubber Goods.

All sold at the lowest cash prices.

Wright & Stanford,

Triplet Block, next door to Stewart's Bank, Coshocton

INVITE YOUR NEIGHBOR'S ATTENTION

—TO—

THE COSHOCTON AGE.

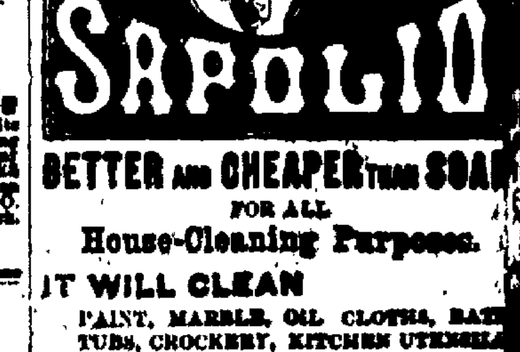
The only 64 column paper in Eastern Ohio, and ask him to become a subscriber. Sample copy will be mailed to any address upon request

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned have been appointed and qualified as Administrators of the Estate of Susan H. Waddal, late of Coshocton county, deceased.
Dated this 10th day of December, A. D. 1883.
CHARLES WADDELL,
JOHN WALKER.
dec15-3w.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.



BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN SOAP

FOR ALL

House-Cleaning Purposes.

IT WILL CLEAN

PAINT, MARBLE, OIL CLOTHS, BATH TUBS, CROCKERY, KITCHEN UTENSILS, WINDOWS, &c.

IT WILL POLISH

TIN, BRASS, COPPER AND STEEL WARE OF ALL KINDS

T. C. BREWER, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

Office in room occupied for a number of years in Roscoe, by Dr. M. Johnson.
Calls promptly answered.
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